THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK 241,000 SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1909. VOL. LXXIV, NO. 43.

THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

COPYRIGHT 1909, BY DOUBLEDAY PAGE AND COMPANY

III.

e did not try to set the cabins in r, reasoning that, if the ship were e overhauled, the personal prop- left in her could be more easily tified and distributed to its owners their heirs—if the staterooms e left undisturbed; and the officers' ns we did not like to disturb. On second day of our abandonment began our tidying by a tour ugh the three upper decks, clos- the cabin doors as we went, for the t of their gaping on the empty, ndoned disorder was too dreary endurance. The water prevented going lower, and as it was Mr. ragh went barefoot through the y wash that already ebbed and ged ankle-deep in the port corri- of the main deck.

e carried what we found to the on, and sorted it as we had done the earlier salvage. After all was order, we amused ourselves by ing an inventory, which we posted picuously on both the forward and cabin stair. The ennui of the wide was upon us, and we reveled in rfluous tasks and the minutely ful tidiness they demanded. We lingered over our monotonous ls of tinned stuff and stale bread. the next day we cleared the up- deck—not, however, quite accord- to our original plan. Mr. Darragh seized a shattered steamer-chair was about to fling it over the side I checked him. "Don't—that do for firewood."

You're not planning a bonfire, are

No, but I'm tired of cold canned gs. This afternoon I'm going to t a fire in the galley range and do e real cooking. You must break these things—you can get a fire- off the wall below."

God bless you!" said Dick Dar- fervently.

hile we were working to tidy the I made an unpleasant discovery. as entirely ignorant of nautical ters, but I knew that the course n by steamers plying between New and England was to speak loose- about east-northeast. The fine ther had held, it was a dead calm, we were drifting dead east.

ithout reasoning about this I felt be true, for I am one of those ons succeptible to influences un- ceived and unfelt by most. When awakened, however suddenly, I always tell the hour. In a dense d, or in a strange city on a cloudy or at night, without looking at sky, I can always "feel" the north. now I knew, without looking at useless little watch, which I no er tried to regulate, that the hour noon, and by the shadows, lying ht and dark across the deck, that were drifting out of our course. In spite of the bright sun there a tiny strip of dirty cloud over the to the northwest, and a flock of ls wheeled and fluttered in the e of the ship. The courage went of me as the air rushes out of a ked balloon; I began to tremble, sitting down on the heap of kage I had been sorting, I looked lessly out over the great sea.

r. Darragh must have been watch- for I heard his axe ring on the k, and in a moment he was bend- over me. "What is it? Are you

No."

Something's troubling you—what ?" And I told him. He frowned. Of course I'm not sure—but I'm ure as—as any person not a sailor be."

e stood awhile with knitted brows. e, that's it, you see—we're so aw- ignorant! If we had instruments shouldn't know how to use them." ut if we could find them—there nt be directions or something," I d in my ignorance. He shook his

There aren't any—no chronometers, anything. I know—I looked for yesterday while you were below. cleared out in regular shipshape fashion. And as for charts—the they left—they would better have n cook books or bridge manuals. Lord!" I could see that he was ded, not with anxiety alone, but a quite gratuitous self-reproach. this," he said gloomily, "is what brought you into—oh, yes, I did— t be my fault. What proves that I'm so glad to have you, I can't do anything."

ded to laugh, he was so serious so helpless. "Oh, well—we're both landlubbers!"

es, just that! But I think you're right about the course—that is, our original course. However, we can't be quite out of the track as yet—one finds ships everywhere."

"But the Petrels?" I persisted wretchedly.

"Call them by their right name, 'Mother Carey's Chickens.' Oh, look—there's something pretty!"

It was a school of porpoises, wheeling gracefully over and under each other in their innocently riotous joy of living. Their white bellies and blue-black bodies glistened in the sun; their playground was marked by little wreaths of foam floating away behind them as they frolicked after the ship. As I watched them, I shivered with a sort of envy—they seemed so happy, so well at home, so safe, while we——? Dick Darragh laid a warm hand on mine as it clutched the edge of the rail.

"Now, look here, Paulina,—I may call you 'Paulina,' mayn't I?" I nodded. "Thank you; in that case I'll call you 'Polly'!—I'm going to preach a little bit. I'm not a pious party, but I'm going to make you brace up! We've been kept going so far for a reason that we don't understand—anyway, out of all the people of the ship, we've been kept safe in a perfectly wonderful way. And I'm dead sure that it's going to last, and that somehow we're going to get out of it—we're going home safe and sound with lots to boast of forever after! Think of that, my young friend! If those porpoises are taken care of, we're going to be! Now, I'll tell you what you're going to do; you're going to be a kind, human lady and blow off that bird-squad to lunch, and then we'll go below with the kindling wood and have a picnic of our own—see? Wait for me!"

He went below, and came back with half a dozen loaves of stale bread. We broke the stuff to bits, and tossed it upon the water, and laughed to see the petrels scream and swoop and flutter over their meal. Some of them were daring, and perched upon the lower rigging, where they performed thoroughly and leisurely the exercises of the toilet, glancing at us coquettishly with wild bright eyes as they preened and ruffled and fluttered.

"Aren't they pretty?" mused Dick. "And so wonderful—think how far they've followed us! They're the jolliest little fellows in the world—we must feed them every day!"

Meanwhile we, ourselves, were to be fed, and our first experience in the galley, though fairly successful, was very laborious. Neither of us was expert at kitchen work, and it required an awful amount of smoke and soot and experiments with dampers before the coal range would peaceably consume smashed steamer chairs and chopped life-preservers. The cooking things, too, were of appalling size and intricacy and very heavy to handle. But at last I found myself broiling chops (raggedly hacked off by guess from a stiff mutton carcass in the refrigerating room), and making coffee over a fine, clear blaze. Dick Darragh insisted on frying potatoes. He had never fried anything before, but he found himself seized upon by a culinary afflatus, and the result was fried potatoes—we could eat perhaps one charred fragment in every ten. But we had had no hot food since our abandonment, and I am ashamed to say how much we ate.

We were now confronted by a small, but real inconvenience—the absence of fresh water. The source of the ship's water supply was obscure, but it must have been somewhere out of our reach in the wreckage in the depths of the ship. For drinking purposes we melted the ice in the refrigerating room, or used bottled waters, but for other purposes we were obliged to rely upon the sea water—which gave me an excellent excuse for continuing the "piling-up" process of the ship's chinaware. This same sea water had all to be hauled in pails over the ship's side, for the whole plumbing system seemed to be wrenched and smashed into uselessness. Dick insisted that we were at last become respectable tollers, since we were "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

We were also without other lights than that of candles, for the electric lighting system was likewise hopelessly deranged. We had found a box of candles, and these we treasured, carrying them about from cabin to galley, from galley to saloon, till, I regret to say, our accustomed progress was marked by a trail of grease spots on the damp carpets of the corridors.

After our voracious luncheon, we went on deck again, for we were oppressed by the appalling desolation of that abandoned hulk. The soft swish of the water along her torn belly, the unwholesome dampness, the silence of her long, vistaed passageways, the varied stenches all wove themselves into a grim prophecy of the hour when the silence and the loneliness and the creeping wet would have it their own way, and we should be not. In defiance of the stealthy hatred of the sea, we were driven from between planks to where we could look upon our enemy, fresh and dancing under the bright summer sun, decked with whirling petrels, throbbing with strong, joyous life—and waiting for us, we felt, with an awful, smiling, well-fed patience. But we did not speak of these things to each other, though each knew what the other felt, and the knowledge and the silent fear brought us ever closer.

There were moments when I longed to speak of the men and women who had been our fellow passengers, but it seemed wiser not to do so. Nor did we speak of recent happenings in our lives. We talked a great deal, but it was of those things that all men have in common, and of our own childhood. And so, being freed from the trivial, we became, without knowing, very near to each other.

Today, however, we had troublous affairs to worry about. The barometer on the aft stair landing was sinking; the afternoon sun was dim and misty, and a faint, chill wind crept up from the northwest. We tried to ignore it, and to talk nonsense with drumming hearts and stiffening lips. At last Dick laid his hand on mine. "I must say this—that it's better we should have fog than wind, and at present it looks like fog. If lightning doesn't often strike twice in the same place, neither, I suppose, does ice. For the moment we're all right."

"The moment is passing," said I, "and I've an idea! Suppose we try to do something or other with flags—run up a signal of distress, or whatever they call it. 'We'll be ready, then, against the sun.'"

"Capital—but where are they?"

"We must go and look."

We rummaged the ship till we came at last, after an hour's search, in what we took to be the first officer's cabin, upon the box of flags, along with the code book. And after having looked out the emblems of distress, there remained the serious difficulty of how to fly them. But after many attempts they rose, very slowly, with many halts and hitches, to their proper place, and we breathed with the freedom born of new hope.

The wind died, and the fog crept on us, but slowly, seeming to drift rather than to be driven. The next morning we were puzzled to find that we were free of it; it lay, a pale wreath to the southeast of us, and we were drifting under a chill gray sky over a sullen gray sea—drifting east-southeast.

At least, we believed that we were. We kept our watches wound, and proving the noon by the faint shadows, in default of the sun, made what I daresay were but foolish attempts to tell the hour, and where we were whither we were going, and where—oh, God! where—we were likely to bring up. We made elaborate calculations, based on the time of the sunrise and sunset as set forth by a damp and curly almanac published in the financial interests of a spring tonic; we set ourselves to doing sums with stubby pencils on the spotless paint of the deck-cabins or other convenient objects, entering the results in my little leather diary with faithfulness and precision, we watched the sky and sea untiringly—and all that we could gather was that we were drifting farther and farther from our coast, the high-road of the ocean, into the wilderness beyond.

In two days the steady wind grew cold, then very fierce. The sea turned a dark green under the steel sky, and lines of white foam crept and vanished like phantom serpents up the shifting, mounting seas. We watched through a forenoon in dreary silence, not daring to admit even to our own hearts that the movement of the torn hulk beneath our feet grew more and more sullenly jerky. There was a desolation upon us that could not be measured as we sat side by side upon the tilted decks, shivering in our wraps, I feigning to be busy with some needlework or other, Dick trying to smoke, and relighting his pipe every five minutes.

At last I could bear it no longer and rose. "I think I'll go below and get lunch."

He followed me. "I'll go with you and get something else. I'm cold."

He came into the galley with a bottle and a glass—I heard them clink. "Polly, I want you to stop crying on the range—you'll rust it—and do something for me."

"What?"

"Look round, please—that's better! Now, take some of this, for you're shaking with cold—and drink a toast—won't you?"

His eyes were shifty, and I did not answer. He poured out the spirit into the glass, added a little soda-water, and gave it to me, filling another glass for himself. "Say, 'To the Luck of the Landlubbers!'"

"To the Luck of the Landlubbers!" I repeated, and twisted my glass upside down, so that the liquor splashed on the galley floor.

He set down his glass with a shaking hand. "What d' you mean by that?"

"I'll not drink with you, Dick."

"Not even a toast?"

"Not even a toast."

He was silent for a moment, moistening his dry lips. "I suppose you're right, child," he answered.

"Now, will you go on deck, please?" I asked as lightly as I could. "I have serious things to do."

"All right," he answered slowly, eyeing the untouched glass.

"Make haste, please."

"You don't want any meat cut?"

"Thanks, but I'd rather do it myself."

"Nor any potatoes peeled?"

"We're not going to have potatoes."

"All right, then." He went reluctantly on deck, and I was left with a very heavy heart.

There was nothing for it but to set to work about my extraordinary affairs, the oddest awkwardest, most unexpected problems of "housekeeping"—I know no other word—that ever woman was troubled with. The vast ranges, the huge pots and pans, made me feel like a female Gulliver in a Brobdignagian kitchen. The utter silence and emptiness of the ship made the kettles heavier, the fire more voracious, and I foresaw the day when, in the midst of an abundant and excellent food supply, we should relapse into a diet of uncooked provisions.

I was trying to amuse myself with the aspect of a modest little steak sputtering upon a vast, lonely plain of grill, when I heard my name cried out in a voice which I knew must be Dick's, but whose accents were wholly strange.

"Paulina—Paulina—come here!"

Fearing I knew not what, I rushed to the stirway. At the door I met Dick, pale with excitement, his eyes glowing. "It's a ship!" he cried.

He dragged me around the deckhouse, and there, not 300 yards away to the northwest, flinging out to us a wide streamer of smoke, was indeed a ship—a long, narrow, black tramp, loaded heavily, so that her lowest line of portholes seemed almost as near the water as our own. She was making a good deal of speed on the course which should have been ours, and had stolen swiftly up upon our stern track.

"In a minute she'll see us!" whispered Dick. In the quivering, eager silence our hands had met and clasped; presently his arms went round me—tightened—I felt his lips on my hair. "I wouldn't—I wouldn't before, my darling," whispered Dick Darragh, but it's all right now, isn't it? Oh, you sweetest of women, say you don't mind—say you love me—say it quick, before they come!"

I said it. I have known much happiness since; sometimes I think I am the very happiest woman alive—and then I think of a lonely wind-washed deck, where a desolate girl stood clasped in Dick's arms, while life held out before me safety, joy, love.

All at once I felt his body tremble, his arms loosen. "Why—why—good God!" He let me go, so abruptly that I staggered and almost fell. "Look there!" he cried, "they're going on—they're leaving us!"

They were. They rode so near us that we could see the rise and fall of their hulk, the movement of men on the decks, and they gave no sign—but steamed placidly on, to the east-northeast—northeast—northnortheast—and so, in less than half an hour out of our sight, out of our souls, leaving us only a fainting trail of smoke across the gray sky of our despair.

Dick broke from me, leaned over the rail, and apostrophized her horribly, shrieking, cursing, shaking helpless hands at her, while she steamed, careless away below the horizon. It had not taken her 40 minutes to come and vanish, but it was as if we had watched her for hours. At no time was she nearer us than 300 yards—but she must have sighted us.

When she was quite gone Dick turned a strange face upon me. "She's left us, Polly—she's left us—" He kissed me fiercely, swiftly, and vanished below before I could call up a comforting word or look.

I waited for him to come back, sobbing miserably, and chilled to the marrow. I went below at last, to find my poor little steak burned to a crisp, but after a second brief crying fit I cut another, made up the fire once more, and contrived a cosy little meal.

When all was ready I went to the saloon for Dick; he was not there. I sought him in vain in the smoking room and on the deck, so I took down the steward's bugle, sounded a note or two and waited. There was no response. I sounded the bugle again—and yet again—and still there came no Dick.

Heartsick and trembling I hung up the bugle, sat down in the saloon, and tried to imagine what had happened—or, rather, tried to persuade myself that nothing had happened. But the silence of that great, disordered, abandoned hulk all at once overcame me as something new and wholly awful. I had known privation of a kind, and fear, but this loneliness was new. On a sudden I knew why, and what he was to me, as I had not known it before.

I went to his stateroom and knocked. There was no answer, but I heard through the immense silence, certain constrained sounds, or, rather, efforts at silence, and I knew he was within. I knocked again and again as he did not answer, and then I felt a panic of loneliness and fear, and beat upon the panels, calling his name.

At last he answered, clearly, firmly. "Go away, please, Polly dear. I don't want an lunch. Don't come come back—when I can I will come out."

I tried the door; it was locked. I pleaded, wept, tried to force the latch, but he would not speak another word, and at last I crept away, broken, frightened, but not ashamed. I knew now that I loved him, and my life shaped itself in a new way. Whether my days were to be long or short, they were to be bent to the love and service of him. Nothing else mattered. Little by little the loneliness and the fear vanished, and I was possessed by a strange new patience, a patience born of the thought of him, alone, horror-stricken, strongly tempted—and yielding. My poor, weak, splendid Dick!

I spent the afternoon in my stateroom—I seemed to be nearer him there—and besides I could not bear the thought of the wind-swept, deserted deck. From time to time I stole out and listened at his door; sometimes I knocked, but he would not answer me, though I could hear him talking, talking, thickly, incessantly to himself.

I never thought of reproaching him. Whatever had been the origin of the habit that had made him unlike most men, he was not at that moment, under a new and terrible strain, to be censured for seizing what quick comfort he could get. I divined the misery of it, the sudden joy of hope, the sudden plunge into despair, the far from selfish agony which racked him. And then he was my Dick. In all his weakness there was a mystery and beauty about him, a quality that called out, not only my tenderness, but my reverence. I had a prophetic sense that some day he would show himself to me, that some day I should be openly proud of him, and of myself because I was his.

For the present, it was hard enough to decide what to do. I was impelled to put further temptation out of his way by destroying the wine and spirits in the store room. But I was no fanatic, and I knew that the time might come when we should need such things—and, besides, he had had the time to lay in a supply of his own while I had lingered on deck. And then I believed—no, I knew—that he must save himself, and not be cheated nor frightened into a false victory.

I spent the night in feverish wakefulness, broken only by stealthy journeyings to listen at his door. He was quiet now. During the night the wind freshened. The ship, as the gray dawn stole along the sea, lurched, rather than rolled as some heavy mass of machinery or cago, disturbed and helpless, slid from side to side within her. I knew that our two lives hung upon the strength of the forward bulkhead, and all my being seemed to rush into the hope, which was also a prayer, that I poured out upon those senseless bits of iron, those bolts and plates and rivets, which might prove soft as wax under the power of our evil destiny.

I had tried to eat and drink at the proper times; the food choked me, but I believed the time might come when I could be of help to Dick, and I did not want the hour to find me without strength.

(To Be Continued.)

MAKES BEAUTIFUL THINGS FROM A STALK OF CORN

By Beatrice Vaughan.

The following list comprises the work of 22 years of Mrs. John Aeberhart, corn sculptor and architect, whose work is made entirely from a stalk of corn. She uses every particle of the stalk. Kernels for stone foundations and chimney; the outer husks for shingles; the silky tissue of the husk for lace draperies, etc. Her colors she mixes herself. The corn silk is put to innumerable uses, and this work is unique.

The list comprises a bookcase, five years labor; four houses of different designs and sizes; an easel; two clock cases; picture frames; upholstered chair; draperies; bust of Mayor Jones; Bismarck on horseback; a policeman; a Teddy bear; ladies' hats; bookshelves; young woman of fashion, and calling card cases; innumerable small pieces.

Barbara Aeberhart never saw a blueprint, never had a lesson, save from that great circle of outer intelligence which touches at the receptive stations and gives to the world our geniuses.

BARBARA AEBERHART'S WORK IS ON EXHIBITION ON THE MAIN FLOOR EXHIBIT AT MEMORIAL HALL, AT THE EXHIBITION BEING HELD BY THE WOMEN'S CLUBS.

As I went up the front steps of Mrs. John Aeberhart's home, steps lined on either side by beautiful flowers, I was impressed with the hominess of everything—the difference! Barbara Aeberhart stood smiling to meet me in the doorway. Modest Barbara Aeberhart—it is hard to get her to speak of herself—her work, yes—herself, NO! She told me, very gravely: "I am nothing," and she then—but let her tell you her story in her own words:

"Always from a little child I wanted to make something beautiful. EVERYTHING IS SO BEAUTIFUL! When I knew I could be only a tailor, why I just closed my eyes, and dreamed beautiful things, and always I had to work so hard there was no time to make them, but always I could help a little, those in need. If you do good, don't write it on the great bell, that when it tolls the world may know—I hope I may be able to do some good—help in some way—surely God means me to do something with this work. It cannot mean nothing!" Her eyes filled with tears and lingered lovingly on the work—the result of 22 years labor.

The above pictures will you some faint idea of what Barbara Aeberhart, corn sculptor and architect, has given to the world 'from a—STALK OF CORN. When God wants to educate a man or woman, He does not send luxury as master, but—NECESSITY! It is so written in the biographies—it has been so lived in the lives of the great. Barbara Aeberhart was born in Baden, Germany. At the age of 5 she was brought to America by her parents, and they settled on a farm outside of the village of Toledo. Brought up on this farm, at the age of 14, she was bound out to a tailor, as apprentice girl. When she was 22 her mother's death made her her father's housekeeper and help, until she married.

A short biography, and between the lines this story: A dreamy artist child that modelled everything she saw in clay; a shy, sensitive child, much alone, whose little fingers constantly created, who saw beautiful visions everywhere, in every flower's cup, in every branch of dew-hung blossoms; in the intertwining roots of an uptorn tree there were, for her, whole worlds of magic beauty, figures in the twisted, twining roots and in a discarded bit of bark from the vineyard, she found a fish swimming in the water, his tail still curled from the muscular effort, and with a few deft touches, threw it out in bold relief. Where you and I would be blind, SHE SAW!

In Barbara Aeberhart's life there was none to recognize her genius. She was told such things were waste of time, just idle dreams, and her good, practical parents apprenticed her to a tailor. SHE WENT. HOW HER DREAM LIVED SHE DOES NOT KNOW, BUT IT LIVED. And in the hum of the heavy sewing machines she heard the droaning of the summer bee, and in the men and women with whom she worked she saw only the good—GOOD EVERYWHERE! So passed the 'prentice period and the work at her trade. Then back to the farm, back again to her beloved NATURE! With the hot fire that the creative spirit stirs into flame burning in her breast—without tools, without teaching; her material, a stalk of corn; the tool she found was a little paring knife, a home-made glue-pot and great chunks of soap to model from. Pots of coloring and little brushes made with her own hand—SHE DREAMED OF PARIS——.

Can you see her, this little German girl, apprenticed to a tailor, dreaming of the places—WHERE HER OWN LIVED? And she dreamed great dreams of beauty, but found in her every day life hard work and duty. She never shirked, and one day she saw a heap of corn husks piled high in her father's barn. She stooped to admire their beauty and found a BLOOD-RED EAR, and, holding it tightly in both hands—but here are her own words about the beginning of her work: "I just thought, somehow I felt it—I found "IT"—at last I found my work!"

Almost an invalid for years, Barbara Aeberhart has done much of this wonderful work lying down. The bookcase took nearly five years, and each piece represents from one to three years. Her eyes shine when she tells that it is not work; that time and everything fade before the joy of just creating. She would not teach and refuses to attempt to duplicate. I tried to induce her to give me her picture, but again her answer shows the real woman: "I am nothing——why should I have my picture in the paper—it is the WORK you must show."

I will try to tell you how she looked in her back garden, flitting from the fire-weed bushes to the tall maypoles of morning-glory vines and nasturtiums, gathering the old-fashioned marigolds—black-eyed susans—and surrounded on all sides by that most beautiful of flowers, the Star of Bethlehem, its fragrance and white purity not more beautiful than the soul of Barbara Aeberhart. She looks like a plain, simple German housewife, but hidden behind her glasses are the eyes of a Seer—a philosopher—filled with tenderness infinite, and that is Barbara Aeberhart, corn soulptor and architect.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

COPYRIGHT 1906, BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER XI.

Everybody had gone down the winding road to the granite entrance of the cemetery; the minister, the choir, the friends, and those who had come because they reveled in morbid scenes. These were curious to see how Warrington was affected, if he showed his grief or contained it, so that they might have something to talk about till some one else died. There are some people in this merry world of ours who, when they take up the evening paper, turn first to the day's death notices; who see no sermons in the bright flowers, the birds and butterflies, the misty blue hills, the sunshine, who read no lesson in beauty, who recognize no message in the moon and the stars, in cheerfulness and good humor. On the contrary, they seem to abhor the sunshine; they keep their parlors for ever in musty darkness, a kind of tomb where they place funeral wreaths under glass globes and enter but half a dozen times a year. Well, even these had finally dragged themselves away from the grave, and left Warrington standing alone beside the brown roll of damp fresh earth. No carriage awaited him, for he had signified his intention of walking home.

All about him the great elms and maples and oaks showed crisp against the pale summer sky. Occasionally a leaf fell. A red squirrel chattered above him, and an orbole sang shrilly and joyously near by. The sun was reddening in the west, and below almost at his feet, the valley swam in a haze of delicate amethyst. The curving stream glittered. From where he stood he could see them bundling up the sheaves of wheat. All these things told him mutely that the world was going on the same as ever; nothing had changed. In the city men and women were going about their affairs as usual; the smoke rolled up from the great chimneys. When all is said our griefs and joys are wholly our own; the outsider does not participate.

Yet, the world went on just the same. Death made a vacancy, but the Great Accountant easily fills it, and the summing up of balances goes on. Let us thank God for the buoyancy of the human spirit, which, however sorely tried, presently rises and assumes its normal interest in life.

Warrington looked dreamily at the grave, and the philosopher in him speculated upon the mystery of it. Either the grave is Heaven or it is nothing; one can proceed no farther. If there was a Heaven (and in the secret corner of his heart he believed there was), a new star shone in the sky at night, a gentle, peaceful star. Just now the pain came in the knowledge that she was gone; later the actual absence would be felt. For a month or so it would seem that she had gone on a journey; he would find himself waiting and watching; but as the weeks and months went by, and he heard not her step nor her voice, then would come the real anguish. They tell us that these wounds heal; well, maybe; but they open and reopen and open again till that day we ourselves cease to take interest in worldly affairs.

He stooped and picked up one of the roses which she had held in her hand. Reverently he pressed his lips to it and put it away in his wallet. Then he turned and went slowly down the hill. He had never really known her till these last few months; not till now did he realize how closely knit together had been their lives and affections. He lighted a cigar, and with his hands behind his back and his chin in his collar, he continued to the gates. The old care-taker opened and closed the gates phlegmatically. Day by day they came, and one by one they never went out again. To him there was neither joy nor grief; if the grass grew thick and the trees leaved abundantly, that was all he desired.

It was a long walk to Williams street, and he was tired when he entered the house. Jove leaped upon him gladly. Warrington held the dog's head in his hands and gazed into the brown eyes. Here was one that loved him, wholly and without question. You will always find some good in the man who retains the affections of his dog. In good times or bad, they are stanch friends; and they are without self-interest, which is more than human. In the living room he found the Angora curled up on a sofa cushion. He smoothed her, and she stretched her little body luxuriously and yawned. There is no other animal which so completely interprets the word indifference. Warrington wondered what he should do with her, for he was not very fond of cats. But his aunt had loved her, so he passed on to the dining room without deciding what to do.

It was a lonely supper. He kept his eyes on his plate as well as he could; for whenever he saw the back of her chair his food choked him. He wondered why he did not take the decanter of whisky down from the sideboard: a generous tumblerful. • • • No. This was the first time in months that the desire to drink deeply came to him. No; he would leave it there. Supper done, he went to his den and took down a book. Could he live here now? He doubted it, for it was a house of empty doors. He settled himself in a chair and turned the pages of the book to a place he loved well. It was where D'Artagnan, representing Planchet and Company, returns to the grocer with the bags of English gold which, for several good reasons Charles II has given him for General Monk's sword. He was well along toward the faiting of the honest Planchet on the money-bags, when the telephone rang. He took up the receiver.

"Well?"

"Mama wants you to come over and spend the night with us. John and Kate will be here, too."

He recognized Patty's voice.

"I shall be very glad to," he replied. "Good-bye." He rang for Mary, who came in, her eyes red and swollen. Poor soul, she had also lost her best friend. "I am going over to the Benningtons to spend the night, Mary."

"Very well, sir; just as you think best."

The Benningtons were very kind to him. They engaged his interest the moment he entered the house. They talked of a thousand and one things diverting; the foreign news, the political outlook, the September horse show at which Patty would ride and jump, what was contemplated in society for the fall and winter the ice carnival, and the engagements.

"Why don't you enter your Irish hunter?" asked John, when the talk veered around to horses again.

"I ride for the mere pleasure of it," replied Warrington; "or, if you will, I'm too lazy to learn the judges' catechism."

Presently they had him telling how he had written his first play, and how completely Mrs. Jack had fooled him on their first meeting.

"No, I have not the slightest desire to return to the stage," said Mrs. Jack, in answer to a casual inquiry made by Warrington.

"Not while I'm around," supplemented John.

"Why nothing could turn me back to its," Mrs. Jack declared emphatically. I am happy. I am very happy. I have nothing to wish for, save that my happiness may endure."

Mrs. Bennington, who had long since grown to love her daughter-in-law, smiled benignly.

"You will always be happy, my dear; you were born to be. It is the just reward for making those around you happy."

"Patty," said Warrington, "would you like the Angora?"

"I should love it dearly."

"Then I'll send it over to you in the morning."

And that was as near as they approached the subject they were tacitly avoiding.

At a quarter to nine, to the consternation of every one, Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was announced.

"Take me upstairs to the billiard room," said Warrington. "I am not in the mood to meet that woman tonight."

"Come on, then," cried John, willing enough. "There's the servants' stairs. I'll give you a handicap of twenty in a hundred points."

"I'll beat you at those odds."

"That remains to be seen."

And the two hurried up the stairs just as the hall door closed. The billiard room was situated at the head of the front stairs. Warrington won the bank, and he ran a score of ten. While he was chalking his cue he heard voices.

"It is very sad." It was Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene talking. "We shall miss her in church work. It is a severe blow to Mr. Warrington."

"That was a good draw, John. Three cushions this time. Good. You're playing strong tonight."

"Did you think to bring over your pajamas?" John asked irrelevantly.

Warrington smiled in spite of himself.

"I forgot all about them," he admitted.

"Thought you would, so I brought over two sets. We're about the same size. Pshaw! that was an easy one, too."

Warrintgon missed his shot. He heard voices again.

"And I want you to help me." It was Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene again. "We shall reorganize the Woman's Auxiliary Republican club, and we shall need you. It is principally for that that I came over."

"I take very little interest in anything outside my home," replied Mrs. Bennington.

"Did you get that?" whispered John, as he drew back for a carom.

"But this is very important for the city's welfare," pursued Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene.

"I doubt it. So long as we do not vote——"

"That's just it. We can't vote, but we can get together and control the male vote in the family. That's something."

John grinned at Warrington, who replied with a shrug.

"And they call me the meddler!" he said.

"What's the matter with your staying on here a few days, Dick?"

"I should be nothing but a bother to you."

"Rot! You can't stay alone over there."

"I'll have to; I can't leave those poor old souls alone. They are broken-hearted. I sent her two hundred every month regularly, just for pin-money; and what do you think she did with it? Hoarded it up and willed something like two thousand to Mary and her husband. I'm all in, Dick. But go on; I'll finish the game."

"All right. But whenever you feel lonesome, come here or over to my house. There'll always be a spare room for you in either house."

"It's mighty kind of you, John. My shot?" Warrington ran four and missed.

Voices again.

"I never believe what I hear, and only half of what I see." That was Mrs. Jack speaking.

Murmurs. The billiard balls clicked sharply as John played for position.

"The stage doesn't appeal to you any more, then?" Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene.

"Not in the least. It never did appeal to me. I am so far away from it now that I am losing the desire to witness plays."

"And for whom will Mr. Warrington

NERVE NEEDED FOR MARINE REPORTER'S PERILOUS JOB

How would you like to be a marine reporter and have nothing to do but catch and board passing freighters and be entertained in the captain's cabin while swapping news with him? Nice, pleasant job, you say.

But be assured that it is not. Meeting the big craft in row boats and small power launches is really one of the hardest and most perilous vocations on the great lakes. It was only 10 days ago that an accident occurred wherein one man lost his life and his mate was crippled for life. Both were marine reporters and were "making" a boat at Port Huron. Miscalculating the distance by the fraction of a foot, their boat crashed against the steel sides of a big freighter and capsized.

The meeting of passing boats by marine reporters was instituted many years ago, and their work has become an important part of the great machinery of commerce on the inland waters. They carry reports to and from the boats, besides furnishing the big vessels with such supplies as may be wanted. Through their work ship masters are kept in touch with news ashore, while owenrs are enabled to keep track of the movements of their vessels.

Perhaps the most important points on the lakes where marine reporters are stationed are Detroit and Port Huron, the points of passage for the great bulk of traffic on the great lakes. The reporters at Port Huron find their tasks hard, but it is claimed that the most perilous point is at Detroit, where hardly a week goes by but the local reporters narrowly miss being capsized in their small boats.

As an illustration, a power launch and a row boat, occupied by Jack White and Arthur Pominville, reporters, were caught and nearly smashed Thursday by a Windsor ferry boat. These men had started to meet two down-bound freighters and one up-bound freighter, the row boat being towed by the launch. After proceeding a few yards the engine of the launch refused to go, and as a result the boats drifted down stream and the men suddenly found themselves directly in the path of the swiftly oncoming ferryboat. It was a perilous situation, and but for the quickness of the captain of the ferryboat in sheering his vessel, both boats would have been crushed like eggshells.

Catching passing boats in the daytime is easy compared with night work. At night the only things the reporters have to go by are the lights on the river, and it is a hard task to determine what angle a ship is taking. The work is especially hard on rainy nights. Being in an open boat on such a night, the reporters are soon wet to the skin, but they must perform their duties, sometimes in the driving mist that blots out all objects on the river except when illuminated by flashes of lightning, and sometimes in a heavy sea that is apt to run during storms, making it difficult for them to keep their craft afloat.

These marine reporters have a record of which they are justly proud. Very seldom do they miss a passing boat; so seldom, in fact, that the record for this year fails to show where a single boat has been missed.

In meeting a vessel the reporters allow their boats to float down stream directly in front of the boat to be met. When the big ship is within a few feet of them, they pull over to one side, stand up and send a line flying through the air to the deck of the steamer. Men on the steamer catch the line and make it fast, while the reporters drop to the bottoms of their boats and brace themselves for the shock that comes when the line becomes taut. For the smaller boats are nearly jerked out of the water when the tow line straightens out.

Orders are delivered, a few papers sold and the man on the large boat casts off the line. The next duty of the reporter is to pull in his line, coil it and row out of the way of the stern of the passing vessel. In the day time this appears a simple task, but it is more dangerous than it looks, and at night the danger is doubly great.

And yet people wonder why it is hard to get men with nerve enough to be marine reporters.

by Constance Lytton, wife of n Meredith," the author of Lu- and son of Lord Lytton, the fam- English historian and novelist, who entered upon a term of one month's isonment imposed upon her for ing, with Mrs. Brailsford, a dash the chancellor of the exchequer eat Britain, in London.

Suffragette Is Jailed

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50¢ A BOTTLE

write his plays now?"

"The vacancy I made has long ago been filled. I was but one in a thousand to interpret his characters. There is always a lack of plays, but never of actors."

"Excuse me for a moment." It was Patty this time.

"Certainly, my dear."

Warrington heard nothing more for several minutes.

"Is it true what I heard about Patty and that rich young Mr. Whiteland, of New York?"

"What is it that you have heard?"

"Why, that their engagement is about to be announced."

Warrington stood perfectly still. Whiteland had been a guest at the Adirondack bungalow earlier in the summer. He waited for the answer, and it seemed to him that it would never come.

"I am not engaged to any one, Mrs. Haldene, and I hope you will do me the favor to deny the report whenever you come across it." Patty had returned. "It seems incredible that a young man may not call upon a young woman without their names becoming coupled matrimonially."

"Nevertheless, he is regarded as extremely eligible."

"I have often wondered over Haldene's regular Saturday night jag at the club," said John, stringing his count, "but I wonder no longer. They say she never goes out Saturdays."

Warrington heard the words, but the sense of them passed by. He could realize only one thing, and that was, he loved Patty better than all the world. He could accept his own defeat with philosophy, but another man's success!—could he accept that? How strangely everything had changed in the last few days! He had never known real mental anguish; heartaches in others had always afforded him mild amusement and contempt. It was one thing, he reflected, to write about human emotions; it was entirely another thing to live and act them. He saw that his past had been full of egotism and selfishness, but he also saw that his selfishness was of the kind that has its foundation in indifference and not in calculation. The voices went on down stairs, but he ceased to pay any attention to them.

"John, there's been something in my mind for many months."

"What is it?"

"Do you recollect the night you came into my rooms in New York?"

"I shall never forget it," quietly.

"Your wife was there."

"I know it. I found her gloves." He made a difficult masse. "She told me all about it. At the time, however, I had a pretty bad case of heart trouble. But I understand. She was in the habit of dropping in on you. Why not? Your co-operation made you both famous. A man in love finds all sorts of excuses for jealousy. But I'm glad you've spoken. I can readily understand how you felt when you found the gloves gone."

"You're a good man, John," said Warrington.

"Kate loves me; it ought to make any man good to have a wife who loves him. I have no use for a man who sees evil in everything and good in nothing. Say no more about it, boy."

"I hadn't seen you in so long that I was confused. If I had reflected . . . But you see, I didn't know that you were engaged, or even that you knew her. I never understood, until you were gone, why she wanted to hide, herself. I'm glad I've relieved my mind," Warrington sighed.

"It's all right. There! I told you that I'd win, even at those odds."

Presently they heard a stir down stairs. Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was going. The door closed. The family came up to the billiard room. Warrington looked at Patty, whose cheeks were flushed and whose eyes flashed.

"Why, what's the matter, Patty?" John asked.

"Nothing."

"Mrs. Haldene has been making herself useful, as usual," said Mrs. Jack, slipping her arm around Patty's waist. Patty was in a rage about something; nobody seemed to know what it was.

"You are not going to join the auxiliary, are you, mother?" John inquired, putting the cues in the rack.

"Indeed I am not. The men in my family always used their own judgment in politics. They have always been Whigs or Republicans.

"Did you ever meet a woman, Dick, who was a Democrat?" laughed John.

"Perhaps," was the reply, "but it has escaped my recollection."

But he was thinking; after all, he had a right to win Patty if he could. It was not what he had done in the past, it was what he was capable of doing from now on that counted.

"You're going to have a stiff fight at the convention," said John.

"I know it. But a fight of any kind will keep my mind occupied. The senator has assured be that I shall get the nomination."

* * * * * * * * * * *

On the way home Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene saw the flutter of a white dress on the Wilmington-Fairchilds' veranda. She couldn't resist, so she crossed the lawn and mounted the veranda steps. She did not observe her husband in the corner, smoking, with the master of the house.

"I've been over to the Benningtons'," she began, rather breathless.

"What's the news?"

There is no truth in the report of Patty's engagement to young Whiteland."

"There isn't? Well, there ought to be, after the way they went around together last winter."

"She told me so herself," Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene declared emphatically. "Do you know what I believe?"

"No," truthfully.

"I've an idea that Patty is inclined toward that fellow Warrington."

"You don't mean it!"

"He's always around there. He must have thought a great deal of his aunt. She was buried today, and there he is, playing billiards with John Bennington. If that isn't heartlessness!"

"What do you want a man to do?" growled her husband from behind his cigar. "Sit in a dark room and wring his hands all day, like a woman? Men have other things to do in life than mourn the departed."

"Franklyn? I didn't see you."

"You seldom do."

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene at once plunged into a discussion of fashion, the one thing that left her husband high and dry, so far as his native irony was concerned.

* * * * * * * * *

That same night McQuade concluded some interesting business. He possessed large interests in the local breweries. Breweries on the average do not pay very good dividends on stock, so the brewer often establishes a dozen saloons about to help the business along. McQuade owned a dozen or more of these saloons, some in the heart of the city, some in the outlying wards of the town. He conducted the business with his usual shrewdness. The saloons were all well managed by Germans, who, as a drinking people, are the most orderly in the world. It was not generally known that McQuade was interested in the sale of liquors. His name was never mentioned in connection with the saloons.

One of these saloons was on a side street. The back door of it faced the towpath. It did not have a very good reputation; and though, for two years, no disturbances had occurred there, the police still kept an eye on the place. It was on the boundary line of the two most turbulent wards in the city. To the north was the Italian colony, to the south was the Irish colony. Both were orderly and self-respecting as a rule, though squalor and poverty abounded. But these two races are at once the simplest and most quick-tempered, and whenever an Irishman or an Italian crossed the boundary line there was usually a hurry call for the patrol wagon, and some one was always more or less battered up.

Over this saloon was a series of small rooms which were called "wine rooms," though nobody opened wine there. Beer was 10 cents a glass upstairs, and whisky 20. Women were not infrequently seen climbing the stairs to these rooms. But, as already stated, everybody behaved. Schmuck, who managed the saloon, was a giant of a man, a Turnvereiner, who could hold his own with any man in town. It will be understood that the orderliness was therefore due to a respect for Schmuck's strength, and not to any inclination to be orderly.

On this night, then, at 9 o'clock, a man entered and approached the bar. He was sharp-eyed, lean-faced, with a heavy blue beard closely shaven, saving the mustache, which was black and hung over the man's lips. He wore good clothes. There was a large diamond on one of his fingers and another in the bosom of his shirt, in which a white tie was tucked carefully. They were yellow diamonds. But those among whom this man moved did not know the difference between yellow stones and white. Morrissy was accounted very well-to-do.

"Hell, Schmuck!" he hailed. "Got the room upstairs in order?"

"Yes." Schmuck wiped the bar. "Der poss iss coming tonight, I see. Huh?"

"Yes. He ought to be along now," replied Morrissy, glancing at his watch, which was as conspicuous as his yellow diamonds.

"How are you getting alone mit der boys?"

"Oh, we're coming along fine, all right."

"Going to call 'em out uf der mills? Huh?"

"Perhaps. When the boss comes, tell him I'm upstairs."

Morrissy lighted a cigar, took the evening papers from the end of the bar, and disappeared. Schmuck could hear him moving the chairs about. Ten minutes later McQuade appeared. Schmuck nodded towards the stairs, and without a word McQuade went up.

"Good evening, Morrissy. I missed a car, or I'd have been here earlier."

"That's all right. Mr. McQuade; glad to wait for you." Morrissy threw aside his papers and drew his chair to the table.

McQuade closed the door and sat down.

"You got my letter?" he began, wiping his forehead.

Morrissy nodded.

Dr. J. W. Blosser, whose likeness appears above, is well known throughout the country, because of his remarkable success in the treatment of catarrh, deafness, bronchitis and asthma.

He has discovered a method of treating these diseases which is different from all others, both in method and effect. It is not a spray or atomizer, douche, salve, cream nor inhaler. It "opens up" and cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, then stops the nasal discharge and spitting, and permanently heals the diseased membrane.

Any sufferer may have a demonstration of what this remedy will do by sending name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., who will send a five days' treatment and an illustrated booklet absolutely free. Those who have availed themselves of this free offer have been surprised at the pleasing and wonderful effect of the remedy. The full treatment is not expensive.

"Well?"

"Well, the boys will go out Monday morning. A committee will wait on Bennington in the morning. He won't back down and discharge the English inventor, so it's a sure thing they'll walk out, every mother's son of them."

"On the morning they go out, I'll send you my check for $500."

"For the union?"

"I'll send it to you, and you can use it as you see fit. On Monday morning, then."

"Sure thing."

They smoked for a while. Suddenly McQuade laid a bulky envelope on the table, got up and went out. Morrissy weighed the envelope carefully, thrust it into his pocket, and also departed.

"Five hundred now, and five hundred on Monday. I can see him sending a check. It will be bills. Bah! I should have called out the boys anyhow."

McQuade hurried home. He had another appointment, vastly more important than the one he had just kept. Bolles had returned from New York. It was easy enough to buy a labor union, but it was a different matter to ruin a man of Warrington's note. Bolles had telegraphed that he would be in Herculaneum that night. That meant that he had found something worth while. Each time the car stopped to let passengers on or off, McQuade stirred restlessly. He jumped from the car when it reached his corner, and walked hurriedly down the street to his house, a big pile of red granite and an architectural nightmare. He rushed up the steps impatiently, applied his latch-key and pushed in the door. He slammed it and went directly to his study. Bolles was asleep in a chair. McQuade shook him roughly. Bolles opened his eyes.

"You've been on a drunk," said McQuade, quickly noting the puffed eyes and haggard cheeks.

"But I've got what I went after, all the same," replied Bolles truculently.

"What have you got? If you've done any faking, I'll break every bone in your body."

"Now, look here, Mr. McQuade; don't talk to me like that."

"What have you got, then?"

"Well, I've got something that's worth five hundred; that's what. I worked like a nigger for a month; pumped everybody that ever knew him. Not a blame thing, till night before last I ran into the janitor of the apartments where Warrington lived."

"Go on."

He'd been fired, and I got him drunk. I asked him if any women had ever gone up to Warrington's rooms. One. He was sitting in the basement. It was a hot night, and he was sitting up because he could not sleep. At midnight a coupe drove up, and Warrington and a woman alighted. From the looks of things she was drunk, but he found out afterward that she was very sick. The woman remained in Warrington's apartments till the following morning."

"When was all this?"

"About four years ago. She left very early."

"Hell!" roared McQuade, doubling his fists. "And I've been sending you money every week for such news as this! I want something big, you fool! What earthly use is this information to me? I couldn't frighten Warrington with it."

"I haven't told you the woman's name yet," said Bolles, leering.

"The woman's name? What's that got to do with it?"

"A whole lot. It was Katherine Challoner, the actress, Bennington's wife; that's who it was!"

McQuade sat very still. So still that he could hear the clock ticking in the parlor. Bennington's wife!

CHAPTER XII.

The death of his aunt gave Warrington a longing for action—swift mental and physical action. To sit in that dark, empty house, to read or to write, was utterly impossible; nor had he any desire to take long rides into the country. His mind was never clearer than when he rode alone, and what he wanted was confusion, noise, excitement, struggle. So he made an appointment with Senator Henderson the next morning. He left the Bennington's with the promise that he would return that evening and dine with them. Warrington had become the senator's hobby; he was going to do great things with this young man's future. He would some day make an ambassador of him; it would be a pleasant souvenir of his old age. Warrington was brilliant, a fine linguist, was a born diplomat, had a good voice and a fund of wit and repartee; nothing more was required. He would give the name Warrington a high place in the diplomatic history of the United States. Some of the most capable diplomats this country had produced had been poets. Warrington's being a playwright would adr lustre to the office. The senator was going over these things, when a clerk announced that Mr. Warrington was waiting to see him.

"Send him right in."

Immediately Warrington entered. He was simply dressed in a business suit of dark blue. He wore a straw hat and a black tie. There was no broad band of crape on his hat or his sleeve. He had the poet's horror of parading grief, simply because it was considered fashionable to do so. He sincerely believed that outward mourning was obsolete, a custom of the middle ages.

"Ha!" ejaculated the senator.

"Good morning. How goes the fight?"

"Fine, my boy; I'll land you there next week; you see if I don't. The main obstacle is the curious attitude of the press. You and I know the reason well enough. McQuade is back of this influence. But the voter doesn't know this, and will accept the surface indications only. Now you know the newspaper fellows. Why not drop around to the offices and find out something definite."

"It's a good idea, senator. I'll do it this very morning."

"Has McQuade any personal grude against you?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"He's a bad enemy, and often a downright unscrupulous one. If it's only politics, I'll have a chat with him myself. You pump the newspapers. You leave it to me to swing the boys into line at the convention."

Then they proveeded to go over the ground thoroughly. Something must be done with the newspapers. The delegates and minor bosses were already grumbling. Had nothing appeared in the newspapers, Warrington's nomination would have gone through without even minor opposition. But the Republican machine was in sore straits. If Donnelly won this time it would mean years of Democratic rule in an essentially Republican town. McQuade must be broken, his strong barricades toppled; and now that there would be no surprise for the public, the majority of the delegates began to look doubtfully upon what they called the senator's coup. They wanted the city hall, and they did not care how they got there. Warrington was a fine chap, and all that, but his acquaintanceship was limited. He could not go about shaking hands like Donnelly, who knew everybody, high and low. The laboring man knew nothing about Warrington, save that he was famous for writing plays they had not seen, nor would have understood if they had. Warrington was a "swell;" he had nothing in common with the man who carried the dinner pail.

"And there the matter stands, my boy," concluded the senator, shifting his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. "If I can swing the convention, the rest will be plain sailing, once you start speech-making. Oh, McQuade is clever. He knew that by exposing my hand he would lessen your chances. But you tackle the newspapers and see what can be done. And good luck to you."

McQuade came down early that morning. The first thing he did was to call on the editor of the Times.

"Here's something," he said, tossing a few typewritten pages on the editor's desk. "This'll settle Warrington's hash, Walford."

"What is it?" asked Walford.

"Read it and see for yourself." McQuade sat down and picked up the early New York papers.

Walford read slowly. When he reached the last paragraph he returned to the first and read the article through again. He laid it down and faced his employer.

"Mr. McQuade, the Call and the Times are the only papers in town that pay dividends. The Times as it stands today is a good, legitimate business investment. Do you want the circulation to drop ten thousand and the big advertisers to cancel their contracts?"

"What's the matter with the story? Isn't it all right?"

"Frankly, it isn't."

"It's true," said McQuade, his fist thudding on the desk; "it's true, I tell you, every damned word of it."

"The truth of it isn't the question. It's the advisability of publishing it. I say to you that if you insist on this story's publication, you'll kill the Times deader than a door-nail. I'll call the business manager in." Walford whistled through a tube, and shortly after the business manager appeared. "Read this," said Walford briefly, "and give Mr. McQuade your honest opinion regarding its publication. Mr. McQuade thinks it ought to run as local news."

The business manager read it.

"It makes good reading, Mr. McQuade, but if you want to kill the Times, run it. There are some stories that can only be rumored, not printed, and this is one of them. If this appears, you have my word that every decent advertiser will cancel his contract forthwith."

Walford looked at his employer in frank triumph. McQuade had great confidence in these two men. He ripped the manuscript into squares and filtered them through his fingers into the waste basket.

"You boys are probably right," he said reluctantly. "I have no desire to see the paper lose its sound footing. But this would have killed the man socially and politically, so far as this town is concerned."

"Admitted," replied Walford, straightening out some proofs. "But we'll topple him over in a legitimate way."

"Go ahead, then. I'm not particular how it's done so long as you do it. Perhaps, after all, it's just as well. I've got another idea. I can see that I've made a mistake."

McQuade started down the stairs to the street and met Warrington coming up. The two men paused for a moment, then went on. Once on the sidewalk, McQuade turned and hesitated. No, he had nothing to say to Mr. Warrington. He strode down the street toward his own offices.

It will be seen that Warrington had gone directly into the enemy's camp. He knew Walford of old; they were tolerably good friends. He gave his card to the boy. Walford, on reading it, stuffed several newspapers into the waste basket and pressed his foot on them. He was a bit shaken.

"Send him in. Hello, Dick," he said. "How are you? You're the last man I expected to see this morning. What can I do for you?"

"You can tell your political reporter and your editorial man to let up on me for a week," said Warrington directly. "What the devil have I done to you chaps that you should light into me after this fashion?"

"You have become rich and famous, Dick, and mediocrity can stand anything but that." But there was a twinkle in Walford's eyes.

"Come, Wally, you know that isn't the truth."

"Well, if you want the truth I'll give it to you. Answer me frankly and honestly, do you consider that you have any moral right to accept a nomination for the mayoralty of Heculaneum?"

"Moral right? I'll pick up that phrase and carry it to your camp. I have as much moral right as Donnelly, who, if he hasn't been caught, is none the less culpable for breaking his oath of loyalty. You know this as well as I do."

(To Be Continued.)

Words of Wisdom.

The old Congressional Globe, the predecessor of the present Congressional Record, in which proceedings of Congress were published (up to some time in the '70s, perhaps) by the old firm of Gales & Seaton, who also owned and published the old National Intelligencer, bore for its motto, immediately under the title of the periodical, the significant warning, "The world is governed too much."

ROUGH ON RATS
TRADE MARK
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR
THE OLD RELIABLE THAT NEVER FAILS

Being all poison, one 15c box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice, and thousands of Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs.

15c., 25c & 75c boxes at all druggists and country stores.

FREE Send for our comic postal cards and lithograph which have convulsed the world with laughter.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a cow three years old that had her second calf last June. There is a swelling in the two front quarters of her udder, but she gives down all her milk from these two teats, though very slowly. Will some reader of these columns please give a reniedy for it?—W., Volant, Pa.

To settle an argument will some reader kindly tell whether an apple or pear tree can be grafted to a peach tree?—B., Princeton, Minn.

Will someone be so kind as to give a recipe for the manufacture of axle grease?—C., Fleming, Pa.

Will one of the many readers of The Blade please tell me how to care for my gold fish throughout the winter? I have only two and would appreciate learning how to care for them.—D., Hartville, Va.

I have cow, two and one-half years old that has a teat completely covered with warts. They came on in the last six months. I would appreciate a remedy for them.—G., Boothsville, W. Va.

TO CURE BEEF

Someone asked the Farmstead for a receipe for curing beef so that it will keep until next summer. I have tried the following and know it to be good. For each 100 pounds of beef mix thoroughly 3 pounds of good salt, 4 pounds of brown sugar, and two ounces of saltpetre. Cut the beef in slices suitable for the kettle. Place a layer of the mixture in the bottom of a barrel, then a layer of the beef packed close, the mixture being kept between the sides of the barrel and the beef. Repeat until the barrel is full, but be sure to have a layer of the mixture on top. A weight is then placed on the cover of the barrel. Do not put any brine in, as the meat will make its own.—S., Elmira, N. Y.

HORNED CATTLE

As to whether a cow looks better with horns than without them is a matter of personal choice. Personally we like to see a cow with a nice smooth pair of horns. But the looks of a cow is not all; it is what she can and does do with the horns that makes the difference. A cow with horns seldom injures a human being, yet she often injures other cows and makes herself generally objectionable in driving other animals from their feed and drink. A cow that has a good, sharp set of horns soon learns how to use them and to know that she is boss of the herd where the other members have no horns. In the stable, in the lot and in the pasture dairy cows will get along better without horns than with them. Under domestic conditions they have no need of them.

All heifer calves and all males intended for breeding purposes should be promptly dehorned when they are a few days old by rubbing the button with caustic potash. Clip the hair from the two spots where the horns are intended to grow and apply the moistened potash to the skin, rubbing till the skin is cauterized or burned white. Do not touch the material with your tongue, lips or moist hands, or a severe burn will result. Wrap the end of the stick to be held in dry paper. The operation will be painful to the calf. Securely fasten its head so that none of the caustic will touch it or you. One thorough application is sufficient.

The longer the horns of a cow are allowed to grow the more painful and dangerous to the animal will it be to remove them. In dehorning with a saw or other sharp instrument secure the animal in a dehorning chute, made for that especial purpose and never by simply tying a rope around the head of the animal, as is often shown in pictures. The head of the animal must be securely fastened between strong, heavy and well supported timbers, so that there is no possibility of movement during the operation. This dehorning must be done in cool weather, when all flies are dead, to prevent maggot infection.

CHERRY GROWING

The cherry is an early fruit and comes in time to take the place of greens and asparagus, and thus satisfies a well recognized demand.

As to favorites we would in the latitude of Chicago plant largely of the early Richmond, always reliable, and the small or dwarflike Montgomery, a great favorite and very desirable for early market and for canning purposes. These seem to have the lead among sour cherries, and after trying sweet cherries, contrary to any instruction given in State society, I would now let them severely alone. The English Morello is in some respects a close third. It is a little later, but a good seller and good for home use. The black Morello is productive and adapts itself to almost any soil and situation, and when fully ripe is very good, but too late for a good market cherry when cherries are plentiful; still it makes an excellent pie and has a good name for preserving.

It is generally, if not universally, conceded that cherry trees should be grown on Mahaleb stock. One is less troubled with sprouts. The tree seems to be healthier, lives longer and does better. If sprouts come they can be easily removed with a tool like a two inch chisel with a long handle. Begin next to the trunk and work out along radiating lines. The sprouts are easily cut off beneath the surface and the roots are not injured. Generally one cutting a year is sufficient.

Plant two-year-old trees, if they were headed low enough in the nursery, not over 20 inches, otherwise get one-year-olds, and cut back even to a switch.

Where will cherry growing pay? On any good upland soil, where corn is a sure crop, where drainage is good, where the cultivation is thorough, where the trees are well cared for, and where you have a good home market. Plant in deep, rich, loamy or sandy soil, but not too light. Rather heavy clay soil is never good for fruit trees of any kind if cold and damp. Rather heavy clay, if well drained, has proved to be good. Hardpan is one of the worst enemies to the cherry. Good surface drainage is likewise very important. Cherries cannot stand wet feet.

Set trees at least 15 by 20 feet, but never deeper than the yearling bud, unless you are willing to fight sprouts. Cultivate well till the trees begin to bear, and then seed down to grass. Well established cherry trees like the sod, but we must not let the ground dry out. They need much moisture while maturing a crop. Cherry trees do well in the yard without the house. Watering the lawn gives them about the needed moisture. If you plant here remove the sod for about two feet around the tree for cultivation, manuring and mulching till the trees begin to bear, then let the sod form. They need potash, but not in heavy doses. The potash of your lawn fertilizers will be quite enough when the tree is once established.

Only a little pruning of cherry trees is necessary, as they come near pruning themselves. While they are young cut the new growth back fully one-third and remove all dead and disfiguring branches. Rabbits never bother them and borers very seldom molest. The trees are easily cared for in every way. The fruit is not difficult to pick, and it may be allowed to hang on the trees for several days without injury.

HOUSE MOSQUITO

This species is probably the most abundant one, for it is found in cities, towns and country districts in large numbers, and is annoying as a persistent biter. The adult is a mosquito of medium size, the head being brown, with a few scales and a yellow border to the eyes. The beak is brown, paler toward the tipex and somewhat thicker and shorter in the male than in the female; the thorax is brown, with many golden scales scattered over the surface; the abdomen is blackish brown, with yellowish bands at the base on the segments. It is the common, everyday mosquito.

As water is necessary to the breeding of mosquitoes, the doing away with stagnant water near the house will prevent their breeding. The use of kerosene or crude oil upon all bodies of stagnant water near the house will give temporary relief by killing all of the larvae present when the oil is applied, but when the oil is washed away by rains breeding again begins. The oil treatment should be repeated every few weeks from spring till fall. The full solution of the mosquito problem is to destroy all breeding places possible and to frequently cover with oil such breeding places that cannot be destroyed. For complete, lasting results all the people in a neighborhood must act in the matter.

SOFT CHEESE MAKING

The making of soft cheese is, practically speaking, new to this country, so that the taste of these dainty little cheese needs cultivating.

As these cheese will not keep for any length of time, being usually eaten in the fresh state, one must have a ready market for them.

The main object in soft cheese making is to retain in the cheese a high percentage of moisture. It is this high percentage of moisture, together with the fat, which produces the soft texture; hence the name, soft cheese.

The process of manufacture is as follows: Fresh whole milk is brought to a temperature of 82 degrees Fahrenheit to 84 degree Fahrenheit. It is necessary to have perfectly sweet milk. Milk straight from the cow stable, which has not lost its animal heat, is preferable.

Sufficient rennet is added to this milk to bring about a soft and tender coagulation in about one hour. When the curd is sufficiently firm it is dipped with a culture ladle in small slices into molds of various shapes, according to the variety of cheese to be made, standing on straw mats to facilitate draining.

At the first dipping only sufficient curd is taken to cover the bottom of the molds. At intervals of 15 minutes more curd is put into the molds, until they are full and no more curd remains to be dipped.

The cheese are left to drain at a temperature of from 62 degrees Fahrenheit to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, according to the time of year. When the cheese are sufficiently firm to handle the molds may be removed and the cheese salted. Salting is done by carefully rubbing the salt all over the outside of the cheese.

Now the cheese are ready for market, and will keep for about one week at a temperature of about 55 degrees Fahrenheit. It is essential that the temperature of the making-room should be constant and the atmosphere not too dry.

NITRATE OF SODA

Many farmers do not seem to understand that nitrate of soda contains only one element of plant food (nitrogen), and that in the most soluble form, says the Rural New Yorker. The nitrogen is dried blood, bone, tankage or similar forms will not feed plants until these substances have decayed, but the nitrate gives up its nitrogen at once. It is not injurious to the soil, but one of the best forms of nitrogen to use on the hay crop in spring. We would advise over 150 pounds per acre. It will not usually "last" over one season. Bone or blood may continue to decay and give up nitrogen for two or three years, but the nitrate is dissolved at once, and if the soil is not well covered with some living crop there will be a loss. "Top-dressing" means applying manure or fertilizer to the sod without plowing. On old meadows you can not hope to get good crops unless you feed the grass. You can not feed it with nitrate of soda alone, because that gives nothing but nitrogen. You must add potash and phosphoric acid to the nitrogen if you expect good crops. Sometimes when nitrate is used alone on a poor soil the grass is driven to an extra growth, so that they take more potash and phosphoric acid than they otherwise would. To that extent the "strength is taken from the soil." Tenants or market gardeners know that by using nitrate they get fair crops, but leave the soil poor because they force it to give up potash and phosphoric acid. A man on his own farm should never think of doing this, but should use the three elements of plant food together. Spring is the best time to use nitrate. It is available at once, and will start the grass in cold, wet weather when other forms of nitrogen would not make a showing. You can broadcast it over the sod. An ordinary dressing of it will occupy about as much space as a bushel of wheat. Be sure the lumps are crushed before you spread it. Far better mix with potash and phosphoric acid. If you use it alone you can mix with three or four times its bulk of dry soil and then broadcast by hand.

HONEY BEE

The life of the honey bee is very short. Very few of them live to exceed the age of 45 days, except during their time of hibernation in winter, yet in this short period much is accomplished. The first two weeks of a bee's life are spent almost entirely inside the hove nursing larvae, taking only a short flight on sunny afternoons to strengthen its wings and mark the location of the home. The next three or four weeks are spent in roaming the fields in quest of honey, pollen and propolis, and carrying them to the hive. They are busy incessantly and soon wear themselves out by constant toil. By excessive flying their wings become shredded, and they drop to the ground while journeying to and from the fields, where they crawl about and soon perish. Very few bees, indeed, die inside of a hive. The honey bee has numerous habits, some of which are good and others not quite so good. It is a good thing that every female bee is equipped with a sharp sting. If it were not so she could not protect herself against man and beast. The race would soon become extinct, for the honey bee has many enemies. It would also be necessary for the owner of the hives to keep a constant watch on his hives to prevent them from being looted. As it is, the bees themselves do their own sentinel duty, and no one yet has come around and found them all asleep.

Probably the thing most annoying to the beekeeper is the swarming habit. If the bee did not persist in dividing their forces so frequently much more honey could be obtained, and the beekeeper himself would feel more easy about his bees. In producing comb honey in the pound boxes it is necessary to actually crowd the bees into the section boxes, for they seem loath to begin their work in such small divisions, and this crowding is one of the incentives which creates the swarming fever. When producing extract honey abundant room can be given, and the swarming impulse is greatly checked. Therefore, if bees are to be kept for profit the house can not be given much attention, it is advisable to produce only extracted honey, which is done by giving the bees larger combs and plenty of room, for it matters not whether the combs are entirely completed or not, as the honey is taken from them and the combs returned to be used again.

Bees gather three products—honey, pollen and propolis. Honey is their staff of life. It is estimated that a colony of bees requires about 75 pounds of honey for food in a year. They are capable of gathering twice this amount and more. Therefore, all of the honey the bees store above what they are able to consume is useless to them and is the beekeeper's share of the spoils. Pollen is the farina, which is commonly called bee bread. It is mixed with honey and fed to the larvae or immature bees. Propolis is a resinous substance which is gathered from trees and shrubs, and is used in gluing tightly all cracks and crevices in the hives. Bees also carry considerable water to their hives during the breeding season.

GETTING RID OF TICKS

There are four practical methods that may be employed in freeing cattle and pastures of Texas fever ticks: (1) Picking or brushing off the ticks. (2) Smearing or spraying the animals with a disinfecting solution. (3) Dipping the "ticky" animals in a vat containing a solution capable of killing the ticks without injury to the cattle. (4) A systematic pasture rotation whereby the ticks are eliminated by changing the cattle to one pasture after another, allowing the ticks to drop off, and preventing new ticks from getting on the cattle.

In sections where there are large herds and ranches, dipping or spraying on a large scale has been successfully carried out, either alone or in conjunction with pasture rotation, while in other sections, where the cattle on farms consist of only a few head, hand dressing with oil has been found to be the most practical plan. The methods above suggested, therefore, apply to different sections of the country and the stockman or farmer should select the one which is best suited to his particular case.

Picking or brushing off the ticks—Where the herd is small the ticks may be picked off by hand or scraped off with a dull knife or currycomb. This should be done at least three times a week in order to remove all the large ticks before they mature and fall off, as by this system the smaller ticks which at first escape detection, will be found before they are fully developed. After removal the ticks should be destroyed, preferably by burning. Care should be taken to go over the animals carefully, and after once going over they should not be neglected, as ticks may be picked up from time to time. If this work is thoroughly done and no ticks allowed to fall off and lay eggs from June 1 to the end of November, the cattle will be free from ticks and the pastures clean.

Smearing or Spraying—Greasing the animals all over thoroughly with cotton seed oil fish oil or Beaumont crude petroleum will assist in preventing the ticks from getting upon them and destroy the ticks already on them. This method is practicable when only a few animals are to be treated. A mixture of one gallon of kerosene, one gallon of cotton seed oil and one pound of sulphur has proved effective when used two or three times a week during the tick season. It should be applied with a sponge, syringe, brush, mop or broom.

Where a large number of cattle are to be treated, but not enough to warrant building a vat, spraying has given good results. The necessary equipment consists of a force pump such as is used by orchardists for spraying trees, with a barrel in a wagon or on a platform and a hose with an ordinary nozzle. A 20 per cent emulsion of Beaumont oil or a 5 per cent solution of any of the standard coal-tar dips may be used. The sprayings should be continued throughout the whole season, and if thoroughly done will leave the cattle and pastures free for the following year.

Dipping in a Vat—Where a large number of animals are to be treated, dipping in a vat is a convenient and effective method. Beaumont crude petroleum is considered a most satisfactory dip and may be used either alone or in a 20 per cent emulsion. Animals that have been dipped in the oil, especially during warm weather, should not be driven any great distance immediately afterwards, and should be provided with shade and an abundance of water.

Pasture Rotation—This system of eradication appeals to many farmers and should be followed whenever practicable or conditions will permit. It consists in placing ticky animals in a small pasture for a period of 20 days. During that time a considerable number of ticks will drop off. Then transfer the cattle to a second small pasture for another 20 days, and if all the ticks have not dropped off to still another pasture. If the full time has been used, 60 days will have been consumed and the stock is then ready to be placed on tick-free pasture. The object in moving cattle from pasture to pasture at intervals of 20 days is to cause all the ticks to drop off and at the same time prevent the animals from becoming infected again with the young or seed ticks. Twenty days is less than the shortest time within which seed ticks will appear from eggs laid by ticks that drop off, and all the ticks present on the animals will have dropped off in the 60 days. The young ticks, when hatched, will starve if no cattle are present in the pasture for them to get on.

PACKING APPLES

There has been so much discussion among apple packers as to where it is profitable to use a smaller package than barrels in which to pack apples.

The points made against the use of the box are: The smaller package can receive rougher handling in shipping, as the three-bushel barrels cannot be pitched around; three boxes holding the same quantity of fruit as a barrel will cost more than the latter package; the packages will be placed closer together in storage, preventing as free circulation of air.

The points in favor of the boxes are summed up: The smaller package can be bought in the flat and no expert mechanic will be required to make up the packages, whereas high-priced skilled labor is needed to make up the barrels.

Boxes can be exported more cheaply, owing to the fact that space in storage departments of steamers is sold by the cubic foot, and the boxes can be placed more compactly.

When the fruit is placed in storage the fruit in the middle of the package will be more readily reached by the cold air, and the entire package will reach the lower temperature much sooner with the smaller package.

In using the smaller package there will be no temptation to put inferior fruit in the middle of the package, as there often is when packing a barrel of apples.

The chief argument in favor of the box is that the fruit would reach the consumer in better condition, and the consumption would be greatly increased.

The last point is one of the strongest in favor of the use of the box. If the consumer knows he is getting just what he wants, he is willing to buy a bushel of fruit, where now he buys perhaps a dozen apples. There will unquestionably be greater care exercised in packing a bushel box than in packing a three-bushel barrel.

The fruit will be better and will have the confidence of the consumers. Under the present method of packing apples in barrels few city people are able to buy the fruit in the original packages. The barrel is an unwieldy package and is hard to handle. It must be delivered by an express wagon, whereas a small box of apples can be taken home on the street car, if need be.

Few families can take a barrel of apples from cold storage and use the entire three bushels without considerable loss, even though the contents of the barrel are first-class when taken from the storage.

It is well known that when fruit is taken from storage in midwinter and kept in a warm pantry or cellar it ripens very rapidly.

Few families can use the contents of a three-bushel barrel before some of the fruit has decayed. In the case of the box, the bushel can be used up before there is any loss, and there will be a demand for more.

The largest possible package which can be used to get the fruit from the grower to the consumer, without the package ever having been opened is the ideal package.

The bushel box, therefore, would seem about the extreme limit in size, and it may be the time will come when fancy apples will be packed in small baskets, similar to the eight-pound grape basket.

And when that time comes the consumption of apples will be multiplied many times.

Get the consumer to trust the brand of a certain grower and packer, and let him know the package he buys is the only one in which the fruit left the farm, he will not hesitate to pay a good price for the fruit.

A DOCTOR'S SLEEP

Found He Had to Leave Off Coffee.

Many persons do not realize that a bad stomach will cause insomnia.

Coffee drinking, being such an ancient and respectable form of dissipation, few realize that the drug—caffeine—contained in the coffee and tea, is one of the principal causes of dyspepsia and nervous troubles.

Without their usual portion of coffee or tea, the coffee topers are nervous, irritable and fretful. That's the way with a whiskey drinker. He has got to have his dram "to settle his nerves"—habit.

To leave off coffee is an easy matter if you want to try it, because Postum—well boiled according to directions—gives a gentle but natural support to the nerves and does not contain any drug—nothing but food.

Physicians know this to be true, as one from Ga. writes:

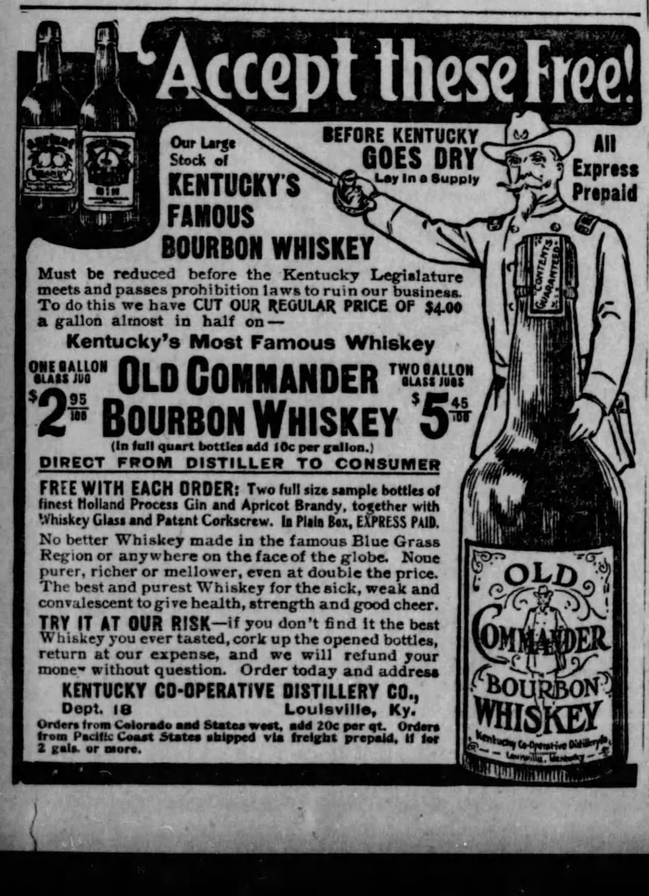
"I have cured myself of a long-standing case of Nervous Dyspepsia by leaving off coffee and using Postum, says the doctor.

"I also enjoy refreshing sleep, to which I had been an utter stranger for 20 years.

"In treating Dyspepsia in its various types, I find little trouble when I can induce patients to quit coffee and adopt Postum." The Dr. is right and "there's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Accept these Free!



Our Large Stock of **KENTUCKY'S FAMOUS BOURBON WHISKEY**

All Express Prepaid

Must be reduced before the Kentucky Legislature meets and passes prohibition laws to ruin our business. To do this we have CUT OUR REGULAR PRICE OF $4.00 a gallon almost in half on—

Kentucky's Most Famous Whiskey

ONE GALLON GLASS JUG **OLD COMMANDER BOURBON WHISKEY** TWO GALLON GLASS JUGS

$2.95 100 — $5.45 100

(In full quart bottles add 10c per gallon.)

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER

FREE WITH EACH ORDER: Two full size sample bottles of finest Holland Process Gin and Apricot Brandy, together with Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew. In Plain

We want to send you a trial order of
HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY
t our risk—on our guarantee
will please you—or it will
ot cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU
4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for $3.20

ds shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

hen it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. en, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most uisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you ld buy in your city for $5—send it back at our pense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed h the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND AMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT iskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full asure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

Y it—That's all we ask. expense is all ours if it fails to please Send us your order TO-DAY and ure to address our nearest Shipping pot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 5129
St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, Ohio. St. Paul, Minn.
Jacksonville, Fla. New Orleans, La.
Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

Guarantee to Cure
ECZEMA
TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

d to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have en patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are quired, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE HARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny quired. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know ll will convince you more than anything else on earth that need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

ou are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be ed one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the se? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By nging the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take tment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN eds the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third ink of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the dy—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organs, etc. SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may ad the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then y bleed and dare scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some ases this cracks and bleeds. Nothing is terrible; a person suffering will atch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the cloth- uses in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay ed 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD DAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully alified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men l classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every m of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of my severe cases, which are extremely interesting. nd you names of thousands who have been ed and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
924 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK OF SEDALIA

February 11th, 1908.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This certifies that Dr. Cannaday's patients, from all over the United States, have been placing their money in this bank while they tried his treatment on eczema. To all this time we have been called upon but five times to return the patients money.

One died before the treatment was shipped; two did not get the treatment as it was lost in transit; one paid cash for the treatment three days later after getting her money; and one was not satisfied.

Citizens Nat. Bank
R. F. Harris
Asst. Cas.

FREE OFFER—CUT HERE

Dr. J. E. Cannaday,
924 Park Square
Sedalia, - Mo.:

Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name.....
Address.....
.....
Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

TRY MY FREE TEST

If you are sick, weak or despondent send me a sample of your urine for analysis and I will send you one week's medical treatment and chat with you free of cost. Do you think I could afford to make this offer if I were not certain of good results? Mailing case and bottle for urine, sent on receipt of 4 cents for postage. Charges for regular treatment reasonable. Twenty years experience in the treatment of diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver, Stomach and Nerves. Established in Pittsburg in 1888. Book of Cures free.

DR. SHAFER 197 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

BRIGHT BERRIED SHRUBS FOR WINTER LANDSCAPES

"There is no reason why our home grounds should be desolate looking five-twelfths of each year," a nurseryman whose specialty is landscape gardening told a New York Sun reporter. "Berried shrubs that cost less than half a dollar apiece and will give a fair show the second year after planting are all that is needed.

"There are 23 or 24 kinds of shrubs with brightly-colored bark or berries which if planted in the home grounds would transform the average garden in the north from dreariness and monotony into ever changing scenes of beauty and cheerfulness. None of them is slow growing, costly or short lived in this climate.

"We go south in the winter and exclaim over the fact that we see green things in the home grounds. We seldom consider long enough to realize that they are evergreens, and although most of the broad leaved varieties are not to be had in the climate of the northern states there are many other shrubs just as beautiful that we might have if we took the trouble to plant them. From now until the ground freezes this planting can be done with success, though it is best to get them in so that the earth will have a little time to settle about the roots before real winter begins.

"About the best known of these berried shrubs is the snowberry, and it is about the least attractive of them all. It is grown exclusively for its white glistening berries because its flowers are insignificant and its foliage uninteresting. The berries, though beautiful and usually abundant, often lose their freshness and become an unsightly brown in February and March.

"The four next best known berried shrubs are in my opinion the best for planting in the home grounds for the sake of beautifying them during the cold months. They are the Japanese barberry, the common or American barberry, the high bush cranberry and the rosa multiflora. Of the four the Japanese barberry is my favorite.

"In the first place the berries are the cherriest color against the snow, brilliant red. It is an extremely graceful bush and has the rare quality of being well furnished with branches and leaves near the roots. This makes it a perfect hedge shrub and low wind break. During the spring, summer and autumn it is an attractive shrub, although the blossoms are in no way remarkable.

"The common or American barberry is really a native of Europe, though it now grows wild in the New England states. Its fruit is as bright and red as the Japanese variety and has the advantage of growing in clusters. I have often counted as many as ten clusters on a short twig, each cluster containing from 12 to 20 of the scarlet fruit.

"The young plants are very resonable in price. If you wish to get a great many at a minimum expense the berries can be bought in almost any Massachusetts town during the autumn months at five cents a quart. Of course growing them from the seeds will require longer, perhaps three years longer than if the bushes are bought of the nurseryman.

"There is just one point that must be remembered if you want barberries for the sake of the berries. Don't prune the bushes until after each bush has flowered. Using the pruning shears before that time will result in cutting off much of the growth that would produce berries.

"Besides this it ruins the shape of the Japanese barberry to prune it. By nature it grows in a graceful feathery shape and needs only to have the old wood removed so that the new wood can be always coming on. This is the secret of pruning all ornamental shrubs, since you get more flowers on new wood than on old.

"Don't let anyone persuade you to plant rosa rugosa for its winter berries. It is quite true that its fruit is as bright colored as that of the multiflora, but the berries are coarse in comparison and become unsightly soon after the first severe spell of cold weather. I never expect mine to look well after Christmas.

"The multiflora berries are not so large as those of the high bush cranberry, but considerably larger than either variety of the barberry. They grow in large clusters, a brilliant red and extremely beautiful in the winter, especially with a snow background or amid glistening sleet. The plant is a strong grower and is commonly rated as a climber. Its single white blossoms come in June and are produced in large clusters.

"It is not troubled with garden insects nearly so much as other varieties of garden roses and is long lived and well adapted to the climate of the northern states. It is one of the parents of the crimson rambler and to me its berries look as beautiful in the winter as the blossoms of the rambler do in the spring and summer. I consider it next in importance to the barberries for cheering up the home grounds in the winter. The plants are slightly more expensive than those of the common barberry, though cheap enough to be within the reach of any owner of a home.

"The high bush cranberry has the largest winter red berry among the ornamental shrubs that are to be had for a small amount of money. The shrub usually grows as tall as a man, though under good conditions I have seen it attain more than ten feet.

"It is the single flowered form of the old fashioned snowball and bears its fruit in pendant bunches of from four to about one dozen berries each. The fruit shrivels to some extent during the winter, but even at that it will measure three-eighths of an inch in March. It is a good shrub for winter ornamentation, and both the blossoms and the leaves make it worth while in even a small garden during the spring and summer.

"Among the small trees that give us red berries during the winter the mountain ash is perhaps the best because besides the beauty of its fruit, which grows in large clusters, it has ornamental foliage and is entirely hardy in the northern climate. Cockspur ranks next to the mountain ash and is worthy of all the praise usually given it in nurserymen's catalogues for brightening our winter landscapes.

"The false bittersweet is a climber with red berries during the winter months and the climbing euonymus is an evergreen climber or creeper with brilliant red fruit. The bush variety of this shrub is much used in the south for hedges and makes a fine show during the fall and winter with its mass of beautiful berries against its deep green foliage. Unluckily we have not as yet been able to make it hardy enough to withstand the alternate freezes and thaws of the north.

"There are shrubs that give winter berries in other colors besides red which are well worth having on your home grounds. Though the berries of the Siberian buckthorn are red when they begin to ripen they soon turn to a glossy black. In spite of its name it has no thorns and the foliage is entirely worth while during the warm months. The one drawback is the short life of the berries, which usually drop before Christmas or soon after turning black.

"The European buckthorn has berries that hang on the bush until well into April. They are of a dull black and are inconspicuous until after the shrub loses its foliage. In some localities in this country it can be found growing wild.

"The Chinese buckthorn is the most ornamental of the three varieties that I consider worth while for the home grounds here in the north. It has shining black berries, very beautiful, which last until the latter part of February or the middle of March. The berries of these three shrubs are about a third of an inch in diameter.

STILTON CHEESE

Directions for Making From London Farmer and Stockman.

Take milk that is perfectly fresh, and when at a temperature of 84 degrees F. add rennet at the rate of 1½ drachm to every 60 pounds of milk (10 pounds roughly—1 gallon). Mix it thoroughly stirring for 10 minutes, and allow contents of vat to set for 1½ hours. The curd is then cut in thin slices, and placed in straining cloths in the curd sink, and allowed to stand for half an hour in its own whey. The whey is then let off and the curd tied up in the straining cloths and left to drain in the curd sink till evening. To aid draining the cloth should be tightened every hour for eight hours. In the evening the curd is cut into squares of about four inches and laid in the draining sink with a cloth over it and left overnight. The evening's milk is treated in the same manner as the morning's being allowed to drain during the night while in the curd sink. In the morning cut up the evening's curd and allow the two to develop the necessary amount of acidity. When the curds are ready they are broken up into coarse-grained pieces by hand. It takes usually 36 and 24 hours respectively before the morning and evening curds are ready. They are then mixed, and salt added at the rate of 2 per cent by weight of the curd. It is then put into hoops at a temperature of about 60 degrees F. Before filling the hoops, place them on a board covered with a piece of calico, and in filling, the curd should be pressed firmly at the bottom and lightly at the sides, and the larger pieces should be put into the loosely filled center. When the hoops are filled they are carried, together with the board and calico on which they stand, to the draining shelves. After standing two hours the hoops and cheese should be turned, and this repeated once each day for nine days. After this the cheese is scraped with a knife, a bandage tightly pinned round it, and a cap put on its upper end, and it is then put back in the hoops. Next day remove hoop and bandage, scrape the cheese, and tightly pin clean bandage round. It is then put back on the shelf without the hoop, and it remains there until the coat begins to appear, which happens about the eleventh day from hooping. On signs of the coat forming the cheese is removed, without the bandage, to the coating or drying room. Turning goes on for a fortnight, and the cloth on the board on which it rests must also be changed. It should then be moved to a storing room or airy place, and it should be turned daily. It takes about four to six months for a stilton cheese to ripen.

BEES AND THE POPPY BED

The Suburban Dweller Learns With Sorrow of the Opium Evil.

New York Sun.

"Numerous honey bees have been for some days puzzling me by their extraordinary conduct in my flower garden," said a suburban dweller, "and now a New York friend of mine who is wise in the ways of the world has revealed to me the reason for that conduct and it has pained me deeply.

"I grew a big bed of poppies this summer and they are now in abundant and brilliant bloom. When the poppies first appeared bees were working all about the garden on flowers of various kinds. Then by and by I noticed that they were abandoning these and taking possession of the poppy beds in swarms. They seemed not only to seek the poppies exclusively, but none of them showed inclination to quit them when once at work among them. Bees hovered about the bed in frantic efforts to get places in poppies, every one of the scores of which were constantly occupied by other bees, and these were just as eagerly struggling to keep their places in the flower cups against those trying to get in.

"A peculiar drowsy, droning hum was constant about the bed, making you sleepy to hear it. It was evident from the persistence with which the bees assailing that poppy bed clung to their places or reluctantly now and then gave them up that whoever it was that owned them wasn't getting much work done in his hives, and knowing the reputation of bees for being busy and improving each shining hour I wondered more and more at this singular lapse from duty. Then one day I was showing the strange sight to my New York friend and voicing my wonder at what it all meant. He gazed at it a moment in a stony and cynical sort of way and then said:

"'What does it all mean? Why, it's plain enough. Each and every one of those poppies is a natural opium joint and the bees have hit up the dope and can't get away from it. That's all it means,' said he.

"I was sorry indeed to hear it, for it pained me deeply to learn that the bee, the busy bee, ever held up as an example of all that should be emulated and admired, should be thus prone to evil ways."

THIS WOMAN STAYS AT HOME

In 14 Years She Has Not Spent a Night Away From Home.

Harper's Weekly.

American women have the reputation of being restless gadabouts, not perhaps without having given grounds for the accusation;, but there's one American woman who is a homestayer of the most chronic type.

Mrs. Kate Walker has lived in the lighthouse on Robbins Reef for 23 years, and the number doesn't have any mystic significance implying an impending departure either. For 14 of those years, ever since her husband's death, she herself has been keeper of the light.

Robbins Reef is a ledge a mile or so north of Staten Island on the port side as you sail up the bay. You reach Mrs. Walker's home by scrambling up an iron ladder after you have reached the spot—that is all it *is*, a spot—by boat. As that is the only means of reaching Mrs. Walker's establishment it is easy to understand that it isn't a rush of visitors that keeps her at home.

She not only has the light to maintain—and she has never once failed in that—but there are also a siren run by an engine and a fog bell, both of which must be kept going in thick weather. Mrs. Walker takes a long nap in the afternoon so as to keep on the alert at night. The machinery regulating the light, which is a revolving one, has to be wound every five hours. She says that the light is never off her mind at night and that even when she sleeps she wakes up every hour.

Before her husband died she went to the Catskills once, but since she became keeper of the light she has never been further than across the bay. Her front yard and back and side yards too—is a narrow railed platform; beyond that only water on all sides.

HORSE CHEWS TOBACCO

Habit of Using the Weed Acquired by a New York City Animal.

Springfield Republican.

It is a generally believed fact that dumb animals have an aversion to tobacco in any form. This was disproved to a slight extent by the recent experience of a Springfield man in New York City. He says that he was standing in the upper deck of a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad ferry returning from Hoboken. As he stood there watching the passengers come on he saw a delivery wagon belonging to a Hoboken laundry concern drive on the lower deck and stop. The driver descended from his seat, and pulling out a package of tobacco, rolled a cigarette and returned the package to his pocket. His horse, in the meantime, had pricked up his ears sharply forward and then stepped forward and began to sniff at the pocket where the tobacco had been replaced. The driver, with a laugh moved forward a step or two, but was followed by the horse, which again sniffed at the pocket containing the tobacco. By this time the cigarette had been rolled and lighted. The driver then turned to the horse and thrust his hand in his pocket, while the animal was all attention. Those watching him thought that he would pull out a lump of sugar, but were much surprised to see again that self-same package of tobacco. Still further they were surprised when he took out a generous handful and extended it to the horse, which took it greedily. At this point the ferry had reached the New York shore and the chain being let down the horse trotted off the boat, contentedly masticating a juicy quid of tobacco.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN SMOKER

Was an Expert Swordswoman and Something of a Highway Robber.

Millgate Monthly.

Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse, was a notable figure in old time London life. She had the reputation of being the first woman to smoke tobacco in England.

The length of her days is a disputed point, but it seems certain that she attained the age of over threescore years and ten. It is asserted that constant smoking prolonged her life. A portrait representing her in the act of smoking forms the frontispiece of Middleton's comedy of the "Roaring Girl." She also figures in other plays of the period.

Mary was the daughter of a shoemaker living in the Barbican, and Malone gives 1584 as the date of her birth. She early took to an wicked ways and became a noted "highwayman." Among her familiar friends were the notorious Capt. Hind and Richard Hannam. She was an expert swordsman. Single handed she robbed on Hounslow Heath Gen. Fairfax of 200 gold jacobuses, shooting him through the arm and killing two of his horses on which his servants were riding. For the offense she was committed to Newgate, but on paying the general 2,000 pounds she obtained her liberty.

At one time Mary had 3,000 pounds of her own, but by giving money to distressed cavaliers she died comparatively poor. Her death took place in July, 1659, and she was laid to rest in St. Bridget's.

eak Hearts

was terribly afflicted with my At times it seemed to miss other beat. I took Dr. Miles' Remedy until my trouble was ne—it has never returned."
PENN, Springville, Iowa.

person in every four has a heart. Some are born weak, become weak from disease, by over-exertion. If you have tion, fluttering, irregular pulse, breath, oppressed feeling in smothering or faint spells, may know your heart is weak. is nothing better for a weak than Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

s brought relief to thousands, uld to you, even in cases of standing.

first bottle will benefit; if not, druggist will return your money.

GET SOUND FISHERMEN

un of Salmon Has Made This Profitable Year for Them.

Post-Intelligencer.

small fishermen of Puget Sound a rich harvest during the recent n of sockeye salmon. From Bill- comes a story that the average of the individual fisherman dur- run brought them $800 apiece, is pretty fair pay for a season a few weeks long. They will some more from the humpbacks silver salmon yet to run, but of nothing like as much as they the sockeyes, because the in- fish command a very small price

were 75 boats out catching for llingham canneries, and the aver- ning for each boat was $9,200. had a catch of 80,000 fish, was the record of the season. gest catch of any single day by at was 8 000 fish. When it is red what a large price the fish it can be seen that all things red, there are very few occupa- which bigger returns can be the time spent and for the in- t than in fishing for salmon the years of a big run. as the fish traps, not the net fish- which caught the bulk of the put up this season.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffic address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subjects. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

SARDANAPALUS

Please give a sketch of the life of Sardanapalus through these columns.—M. A. Y., Shawsville, Va.

Sardanapalus, the Assyrian king, ruled from 668 to 626 B. C. His father resigned the throne to him before he died, leaving only Babylon to himself. After he died, Sardanapalus was sole ruler. In those times when there was a change of rulers there were common, and the new king was called to suppress Egypt. Sardanapalus defeated both the leader and his successor. Thebes was robbed of an immense amount of wealth and treasure. Tyre revolted also, but after a prolonged blockade its king submitted. All those who revolted against the Assyrian monarch were badly defeated. In classical literature Sardanapalus is described as a mere sensualist. He was cruel and implacable to his foes, but was an enlightened despot. Both literature and art flourished in his reign and attained their highest degree of perfection.

INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE

Please tell what you know about the international date line.—G. W. F., Belleville, W. Va.

This line is imaginary, and is drawn through the Pacific ocean somewhat irregularly, but tending in a general northerly and southerly direction and separating the islands of the ocean in such a way that all those which lie to the east of it carry the same date as the United States, while all those which lie on the west of it carry the same date as Japan and Australia. The nature of this line may be made by the following illustration: A traveler leaves New York city at noon on Sunday and proceeds westward just as fast as the earth turns on its axis, so that he follows the sun in its apparent westward progress with such precision that he keeps directly south of him. It will be noon, therefore, at every place he passes. If, however, he asks the day of the week at every point of his journey he will be told that it is Sunday at all points in the United States, and even as far west as Hawaii. This cannot hold true indefinitely, however, because when he has gone entirely around the world and has returned to New York he will have been gone 24 hours, and will therefore be told that it is Monday noon. Yet it has always been the same day to him, and there must have been some place on the journey where he was told, for the first time, that the day was Monday instead of Sunday. At this place, if he wishes to be in accord with the people he meets, he must arbitrarily change his day from Sunday to Monday. Mariners are in the habit of making the change upon crossing the 180th meridian from Greenwich, England, but this fact is of no service to us if we wish to compare the date carried on one of the Pacific islands with the corresponding date (say) at New York because the mariners pay no attention to the local date s on the islands that they pass. The ideal way to find out where the date actually does change would be to canvass the entire Pacific so as to find out what date is actually in use on every one of its islands at some given instant. A line drawn from pole to pole in such a manner as to keep all islands bearing one date on one side and all islands bearing the other date on the other side, would afford a perfectly definite basis for the comparison of dates, and would be the true "international date line." No such canvass has been made. As a general rule it may be said that the date now in use upon most of the different islands or groups is the date which results from the one carried there by the European or American colonists, and this date will presumably be different according as the colonists come from the east or the west. This is not true universally, however, because arbitrary changes in the date are known to have been made in a number of cases. One example of this was in the case of Alaska. When it was purchased by the United States the date in use there was made to conform with the one used in our country.

TAFT'S CABINET

Please give the names of the members of the cabinet of President Taft.—L. M., Quaker City, O.

The members of Taft's cabinet are as follows: Secretary of state, Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasury, Franklin Mac Veagh, of Illinois; secretary of war, Jacob M. Dickinson, of Tennessee; attorney general, George W. Wickersham, of New York; postmaster general, Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior; Richard A. Ballinger, of Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa; secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel, of Missouri.

GAME LAWS OF IOWA

Please give the game laws of the state of Iowa.—S. B. L., Hopkinton, Ia.

In Iowa there is no open season for deer and elk nor turtle doves. The open season for squirrel (gray, timber or fox) is from September 1 to January 1. Quail, ruffed grouse, or pheasant, and wild turkey is from November 1 to December 15, for prairie chicken (pinanted grouse) from September 1 to December 1; pheasants (English, Mongolian, Chinese, ringneck) to October 1, 1915; for plover, sandpiper, marsh or beach birds, rail, duck, goose, or brant, from September 1 to April 15; woodcock from July 10 to January 1.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Please tell about the climate, resources, agriculture and and railroads of Newfoundland.—B. H. R., Williamsport, Ohio.

The climate of Newfoundland is severe, but healthful, the mortality of the inhabitants being lower than in most parts of the American continent. The aged of no other country are attended with so much bodily vigor and mental animation as those in this country. Winter usually sets in from the beginning of December to the middle of April. Snow does not lie long on the ground and the frost is less intense than it is in western Canada. The summer is short and warm. The principal mineral resources of the island are coal, copper and manganese, but there is also gypsum, lead, nickel, silver, iron and gold. The soil is unproductive, especially in the south. Where it is adapted the principal occupation of the people is agriculture. The crops are generally abundant especially the potatoes. There is some wheat raised there, but the climate and soil is much more adapted to the raising of green crops and for pasturage than for grain. Dairy farming is also productive, large tracts being devoted to grazing. The total mileage of the railroads is 638.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Will you please give a sketch of Edward Everett Hale?—J. C. A., Deshler, Ohio.

Edward Everett Hale, the American Unitarian clergyman and author, was born April 3, 1822. Young Hale was educated at Harvard college. Later he studied theology, and after being licensed to preach he was chosen pastor of the Church of the Unity, in Worcester, Mass. He held this position from 1846 to 1856. Hale then became the pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, and was is pastor emeritus from 1901 until the time of his death. As a teacher Hale was always popular. After his retirement from active pastoral work he was active in various religious enterprises. Hale is best known to Americans in general as an author. His writings are numerous. One of his best known is the short story, "The Man Without a Country." This story has been long accounted an American classic.

WILL CARLETON

Please give a sketch of the life of Will Carleton.—W. O. B., Chipley, Fla.

He was born in Hudson, Mich., October 21, 1846. His parents were of New England ancestry, traced back to old England. Will Carleton, while attending a district school, managed to study Latin and a little Greek and continued advanced studies at a high school, to and from which he walked five miles every day. He had an early fondness for poetry. His chief ambition was to enter college when the course of the high school was finished, but his father was struggling to pay off a mortgage and could not help him, and the young man began to look for a position as a school teacher. This he found and on a weekly salary of $4 saved enough to pay part of his college expenses. He entered Hillsdale college, Michigan, in 1865. During his junior year he wrote a political poem entitled Fax, and delivered it in a small town near Hillsdale, meeting with marked favor and thereby securing engagements from lyceum bureaus and literary societies. While a student and during an excursion into the country, he chanced to visit a poorhouse, and the following day wrote the first draft of one of his best known poems. This, however, was not immediately published. He was graduated in 1869, and at the public exercises delivered a poem entitled Rifts in the Cloud. He was soon offered a position on a Chicago paper, but in a few months' time he returned to Hillsdale to do journalistic work. In 1870 he became editor of the Detroit Tribune. A number of his poems were well known by this time, especially the Decoration Day lines, Cover Them Over; but on gathering together what he had written he could find no one to publish the volume, and Poems, his first work, was published at his own expense in 1871. About that time he began to frequent the courts in search of material, and being impressed by the triviality of the grounds on which most persons based their applications for divorce, wrote the poems, Betsy and I Are Out, and How Betsy and I Made Up.

Calls to the lecture field were received and in 1872 Mr. Carleton gave up journalism to devote himself to authorship and lecturing. He was the originator of what are now known as "author readings," and in his tours he has visited all parts of the United States and the cities of Canada and Great Britain and the American colonies on the continent of Europe. The sales of his books, both in this country and in Europe have been enormous. Since 1884 Mr. Carlton lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., and for a number of years has been the editor of an illustrated magazine.

MARRIAGE LAWS

Please give me the names of the states which have laws prohibiting the marriage of lunatics, imbeciles, etc.—W. K., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Connecticut and Minnesota prohibit the marriage of an epileptic, imbecile or feeble-minded woman under 45 years of age, or the marriage of any male of this description with a woman under 45 years of age. The marriage of lunatics is void in the District of Columbia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts and Nebraska.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN

Will you please give me a sketch of the life of Mr. O'Brien, our ambassador to Japan?—E. L. C., Stanards, N. C.

Thomas James O'Brien, a lawyer, was born in Michigan, July 30, 1842. He is the son of Timothy and Elizabeth Lander O'Brien. In 1865 he graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan. He married Della Howard in 1873. Previous to his marriage he had been connected with a Michigan railway as their assistant counsel, and afterwards was made general counsel of the same railroad. He was candidate for the judge of the supreme court of Michigan in 1883. In 1906 he was appointed to represent the United States at the court of Denmark, which position he held for two years, when he was sent as ambassador to Japan where he is at the present time. His home is at Grand Rapids, Mich. His foreign address is the American Embassy, Tokio, Japan.

KENTUCKY GOVERNORS

A few weeks ago some reader of The Blade sent a question asking the names of the governors of Kentucky from the time it was admitted to the union. W. M., Kansas, Ill., sent us the list. It is as follows: Isaac Shelby, James Garrard, Christopher Greenup, Charles Scott, Isaac Shelby, George Madison, Gabriel Slaughter, John Adair, Jr., Desha, Thomas Metcalfe, John Breathitt, J. T. Morehead, James Clark, C. A. Wickoffe, Robert P. Letcher, William Owsley, John J. Crittenden, John L. Helm, Lazarus W. Powell, Charles S. Morehead, Beriah Magoffin, J. R. Robinson, Thomas E. Bramlette, John L. Helm, John W. Stevenson, Preston H. Leslie, James B. McCreary, Lulie P. Blackburn, J. Proctor Knott, Simon P. Buckner, J. Y. Brown, Wm. O. Bradley, J. C. W. Beckham and A. E. Willson.

MISCELLANEOUS

E. N., Tustin, Mich.: Write to the commissioner of immigration at New York city for the information you want.

D. H., Hammondsport, N. Y.: There is no law in the United States which prevents a President holding more than three terms of office.

J. W. H., Tekoa, Wash.: The money that drafted men paid during the civil war to be exempt from duty went into the coffers of the United States.

L. B. V., Cosby, Tenn.; In the year 1908 the number of immigrants who entered the United States was 782,870.

D. W. S., Vincennes, Ind.: The Veiled Prophet of St. Louis is a celebration after the order of the Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

G. S., Friendly, W. Va.: Florida was purchased from Spain by the United States Feb. 22, 1819, in exchange for the government assumption of $5,000,000 claims of American citizens against Spain.

W. M., Yolo, Cal.: The arms which the government has no more use for are sold at auction in the various cities.

W. F. G., Hendersonville, N. C.: It is the opinion of the Question Bureau that the first five verses of the second chapter of the book of Isaiah were spoken by Isaiah himself.

W. E. M., Rochester, N. Y.: Address the pure food commission, Washington, D. C., for the information you want about the pure food law.

L. S., Point Pleasant, W. Va.: Write to the general land commission at Washington, D. C., for the information you want concerning the drawing of the lands you mentioned.

L. A. H., Almond, N. Y.: It would take too much space to tell all about the minerals of the United States.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 820 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this, and does not wish you to send him money.

HAVING FUN AT THE TABLE

Stimulating the Appetite by Cheerfulness and Freedom From Worry.

Youth's Companion.

It is astonishing to one who has not studied the subject thoughtfully to learn how completely under the control of the nervous system, or rather of the emotions, the entire digestive apparatus is.

It is a matter of everyday experience that the appetite is under the subjection of the feelings, although not of the will. The impulse to celebrate any good news by a dinner is founded upon the fact that when one is pleased and elated hunger is excited. In early times this hunger was gratified on the moment, just as the accompanying thirst too often is now, but the modern man usually defers his eating to a suitable occasion.

The loss of appetite caused by bad news or misfortune of any kind is too well known to need more than mention. Worry or physical fatigue will often act in the same way. The same causes that destroy the appetite will arrest or greatly retard the process of digestion. It is a matter of common experience that any disagreeable occurrence during or just after a meal will stop digestion and may bring on a bilious attack with headache, nausea and a coated tongue. Concentration of the mind or anxiety will act in the same way.

On the other hand, as the appetite is stimulated by good news and mental elation, so digestion is favored by whatever promotes gayety and high spirits.

"Laugh and grow fat," like so many popular sayings, is an expression which contains much truth. Dyspepsia is a malady that will seldom be found in the family where the dinner gives occasion for cheerful talk and mirth and where all worry and "disgruntlement," and especially quarrelling, are under a ban.

Every member of the family should make it an absolute rule to put worry and all thoughts of business or study aside for the moment and to come to the table prepared to be light hearted and gay. This is not only as a moral duty, but rests upon the very physical reason that his appetite will be better and his food will taste better and will be better digested.

In this connection it goes without saying that bills and disagreeable letters should never be the accompaniment of the morning meal, because a day started with chagrin is a very hard day to straighten out.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A MAN AS A STORM CENTER

International Sunday School Lesson for October 31 Is "Paul a Prisoner: The Voyage." Acts 27:1-26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Everybody faces trouble some time. It may be only a little trouble, but if it seems big, the problem is the same. The stronger the person the greater and more numerous his troubles. Outward serenity of life, and freedom from soul-turmoil, are goals which all who would live nobly must resign. The tempests of truth are better than the ease of error. Whoever follows the knightly Christ must share the turmoil and tumult of which He was, and is, the center. An exciting experience of the apostle Paul brings the Sunday schools face to face with the question of how to behave in trouble.

A man is bigger than a mountain; a soul is greater than a storm. As we read this dramatic narrative of Paul's experience in a fierce northeaster, we note that it is he, and not the ripping, roaring, resistless winds, or the whelming waves, that commands our attention. The mariner is of more interest than the tempest. The struggles of a human spirit are more absorbing than all the fury of the elements. This great Mediterranean hurricane seems to have as its center the mild-mannered little Jew, with eyes like coals of fire, who had likewise been the center of many stormy human scenes.

May a Man Turn Sour?

It is not the troubles that come to us that count, but the way we meet them. For a first office of tribulation is to serve as trials—testings—of character. Into the human junk heap of useless tools must go the man who whimpers and lies down at the first approach of hardship, wailing continually thereafter his grievance into the ears of all who can be made to hear it. There is no more sensible test of Paul's real size than the fact that he never whined or complained about his troubles. He had enough, surely; but he did not turn sour. He kept his faith in men, and in God. The victim of piled-up injustices, he remained throughout a suave and smiling gentleman. He was good company even for his jailers. Note how cordial is his relationship with Captain Julius, on this eventful voyage. Incidentally, it secured for Paul the special consideration which dignified courtesy usually wins.

The actual events of the voyage are best told in the words of Luke. After his address before Festus and Agrippa, Paul was sent towards Rome, at the first opportunity. One ship carried the prisoner and his military escort over familiar seas, from Caesarea to a port in Asia Minor called Myra. There they transhipped to what was then esteemed a large ship, a grain vessel from Egypt, bound for Rome. In this they made a slow journey against head winds until they reached the island of Crete, which newspaper readers recognize as the present scene of international complications. They worked their way gradually around the island to the port of Fair Havens. This was a poor harbor, and the ship's captain did not want to winter there, although Paul warned him that to leave would be destruction; so in the face of dangerous storms, as October is the month of the terrible northeasters, the ship tried to make Phoenix, another port on the same island of Crete, in order to lie up for the winter. This effort failed, and the throwing over of the cargo, casting out of anchors, and binding the hull with great ropes, all failed to avert shipwreck.

All Winds are Good Winds.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
Whatever wind doth blow is best."

Paul was not of those who find fault with the weather; he recognized it as God's weather, on the same errand and serving the same Master as himself. It is a comforting assurance that the "Ruler of wind and wave" uses both men and the natural elements to work out his purposes. The very heart of faith is to believe that whatever God sends is good. His winds never thwart His will. He had decreed that His minister Paul should go to Rome; to accomplish that end He would if necessary unleash all the winds that He holds in His fist. Well could Paul be at peace, for he knew that there was not enough water in the Middle sea to drown the man whom the Lord needed at Rome.

Few experiences call for more faith than a storm at sea. The landsman cannot understand the seeming omnipotence of the waters and the utter helplessness of mortal power in a great tempest. I have sailed this same tempestuous Mediterranean, in a vessel not much larger than Paul's, and I have been nigh to death in a still trailer craft in the treacherous Yellow sea, and I can testify that the might of man is imp

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 241,000

Dr. Cook has a sore hand, but his head seems to be all right.

Every woman, before she is allowed to vote, should be able to make a cherry pie.

Many a married man's idea of heaven is a place where there are no ashes to carry out.

It is not believed that President Diaz told President Taft how to hold on to his job indefinitely.

When it comes to a question of the tariff, Mr. Taft is not going to rely on a daily hint from Paris.

Were they really friends of the administration who sent the barrel of sauer kraut to the President?

To those whom it may concern: A Philadelphia scientist declares a man need not die unless he wants to.

It is an honest girl who tells her young man that he won't think she's an angel when he knows her better.

Vinegar is now recommended as a remedy for snake bites. Bet it's no good. It isn't according to tradition.

Democrats who feel that they would like to be elected president in 1912 have three years in which to dream about it.

It is too bad that trouble should come upon King Alfonso just when he is starting out to raise an interesting family.

An Indiana judge has decided that a mule is a horse. That settles it for the mule. It can no longer hope to become an automobile or an aeroplane.

There should be no surprise because the Indians of this country show an increase. They have been protected by the closed season for a long time.

If they don't let up on Uncle Joe Cannon he may resign and tell the country to get somebody else to save it.

The packers are frank enough to say there is no hope of cheap meat. An honest confession is good for the soul.

Elephants are generally supposed to have considerable sense, but the one that charged Mr. Roosevelt didn't show it.

If we were to be bound and gagged and forced to take a ride in a flying machine we would prefer the Wright pattern.

Somebody argues that every candidate should keep a diary. But wouldn't it be much better for him to forget it?

Let us hope that Mrs. Pankhurst won't insist on having her meals served through a stomach pump while in this country.

"We can trust the common sense of the American people," says President Taft. Certainly. The election returns of 1908 prove it.

Pugilists are anxious to find the weak spot that is said to be located on the side of Champion Johnson's head. Perhaps it is on the inside.

There are still a few old-fashioned girls in the country. On reads of them, now and then, climbing out of second story windows and eloping.

A Michigan father elopes with his son's fiancee. And yet some folks argue that there is no longer a chance in the world for middle-aged men.

It is said that President Taft, when he isn't smiling, resembles former President Cleveland. However, there are very few occasions when he isn't smiling.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt has decided not to run for congress. Maybe her distinguished father suggested that he could do the running for the family.

Dr. Cook understands the philosophy of making hay while the sun shines. It is estimated that he has already made $100,000 out of his lecture engagements.

Mrs. Pankhurst, leader of the English suffragettes, has arrived in this country. Mrs. Pankhurst comes to us with one of the finest prison records ever made by a suffragette.

Why not extend the voting privilege to our American women with a gentle God bless 'em? It would save lots of trouble, and they are bound to get what they want, anyway.

An Arkansas prophet says the end of the world will come in November, 1912. But can he give us the name of the Democrat who is to be defeated for the presidency that month?

A Virginia coroner's jury brought in this verdict: "Died from an overdose of whiskey." There are many fellows who would like to know how much whiskey it takes to make an overdose.

The cable has brought the sad news that the king of Portugal has the stomach ache. Still, when the troubles of other kings are taken into consideration, Manuel is getting off pretty easy.

"Learn to understand your husband," says a preacher. It is good advice. Almost any wife, by understanding and patient study can teach the wildest sort of husband to jump through a hoop, stand on his head, and do other little tricks.

AN ANNUAL PLAINT.

The seasonal announcement that turkeys will be scarce and high this year has been made. Market men have begun to shake their heads dubiously when questioned as to the prospects and the poultry raisers and the farmers assume an air of "you-can-search-me" as if turkeys were as rare as specimens of the great auk.

It will be a sad Thanksgiving day when the native born sit down to tables and look in vain for that noble bird which tradition demands. War, earthquake, the very tumbling of the walls of the republican temple, would not be less disastrous to the Thanksgiving day spirit than this. Chicken, goose, duck, roast beef—not one of the viands which delight the soul upon other occasions can serve as a substitute.

Yet in spite of the gloomy forebodings we suspect that crates and crates of turkeys will be unloaded at every commission house door, rows and rows of them will ornament the butcher shop fronts and before every head of a household will appear, at its proper hour, the emblem we cherish and love to stuff ourselves with. For the plaint of turkeys rare and high was raised in the autumn of 1622 and has been heard every autumn since.

THE WORK BEFORE CONGRESS

The President has explained in more or less detail a number of policies which he hopes to carry out in the course of his administration. There are so many that congress cannot, of course, give them the consideration they call for, even if it were willing to go at any other than its accustomed leisurely pace. Mr. Taft must select a few of these desired reforms upon which to bear emphasis in his message. It may be that he will no more than mention others.

The railroads will come in for the greater part of the legislation to be asked for. The President is strongly in favor of the establishment of a court to try cases which arise in the administration of the interstate commerce laws. The railroads will naturally be averse to any measure which tends to bring them nearer to the dreaded federal control. Word has been received in Washington that the shippers look upon the program with unfriendly eyes, one reason being that a court at the national capital, is not handy for every shipper who has a grievance, another that an institution of the sort might come under the complete power of the railroads. A bill, however much it might be approved by economists and government officials, will have a very poor chance in congress when both the prospective defendant-at-law and the beneficiary-to-be are opposed.

Action is to be urged in remedying the anti-trust laws so that the railroads cannot hold stock in companies which come in competition with private enterprises, a decision of the supreme court having made it possible for the coal-carrying lines to continue their exactions and discriminations.

Only a few other measures which have a widespread interest can be handled at the second session of the sixty-first congress.

THE UNIVERSAL GOAL.

It is the custom to charge the American millionaire with high crimes and misdemeanors. If he chose to answer all charges he would be constantly involved in presenting defenses for murder and arson, robbery and fraud and uncountable meannesses. The guilt of one rich man is, by the general public practice, spread out and stretched to include all of those unfortunate creatures so vicious and wrong-headed as to accumulate more than a competence.

There is published in England a monthly political periodical with a style which indicates that the editor is forever in a state of extreme indignation. It has been his pleasure to accuse Winston Churchill with the attempt to sell out his country to the German emperor and to suggest that Sir John Fisher be hung to the nearest lamp-post. In the course of a virulent attack upon the Liberal government of Great Britain, he halts the course of his denunciations long enough to pen the following footnote:

A searching inquiry into the source of the funds of the Liberal party, which is spending money like water at the present time, would probably reveal the suggestive fact that American millionaires deem the maintenance of Free Imports in this country as only less valuable to them than Protection in their own country.

Our wealthy men, no doubt, would be happy to see Free Trade maintained in Britain, but it is inconceivable that any of them look with approval upon the Liberals who are trying to place a tax upon the unearned increment, to increase the income tax and that upon inheritances. Is it at all probable that American millionaires would give financial support to a party which might furnish this government with a pattern so disagreeably threatening to their own purses?

The Englishman may charge murder or mayhem and get away with it, but not this.

A DEMOCRACY CONFUSED.

Political students who have honored this country with visits from abroad, remarkable mostly for their briefness as compared with the measure of the resulting comments, have described our democracy as a confusion. This has been the truest of the observations, truest because it is the most obvious of impressions.

The babel of isms and factions, the lopping over of the principles and policies of one party upon those of another, the unfailing flow of political nostrums, the condemnations of one group for acts or convictions held as virtues when entertained by another group—all these present a confusion that might well puzzle the keenest minded foreigner.

Yet of late years there has appeared a very hopeful sign, a slight clearing of the fog, a dissipation of illusions. This has been called the scientific age, but it is plainly not a scientific era when science plays so little part in governmental administration. The signs we read as hopeful are the appearances of highly trained specialists in administration, or in the oversight of administration. At Washington is beheld the selection of experts in the department of commerce and labor, the department of agriculture, and the treasury department—true scientists in business and in the domains ordinarily termed scientific. The National Municipal League maintains headquarters where information is supplied gratis, from street cleaning methods to the writing of a city's charter. A similar society specializes upon New York City. If Tammany is overthrown this fall that association must be thanked for it. The health boards, when made up as they should be, of physicians and sanitary experts, and the improving standard of engineering departments—these point to the entrance into political life of classes which have hitherto been absorbed elsewhere. Surely a situation is conceivable where scientific men will become impatient with the governmental confusion, the foolish inaptitudes of those we now call politicians with no intention of compilmenting, the waste, the lost energy, the fraud and froth of mere words—a situation conceivable where our democracy is taken charge of, guided and administered wisely.

BOOKED TO GO SCALPING.

Speaker Cannon has promised to make the first days of the meeting of congress unpleasant ones for his enemies. He intends to take the floor and proceed to grill each and every insurgent Republican according to his need, toast him and roast him and cast him aside as a hopeless bit of political debris.

Washington will be a place well worth visiting during the season when the old warrior opens up his lungs and pounds such desks as are handy to his fists. Mr. Cannon is well supplied with invectives and, as his feelings have been harrowed exceedingly in the last few months, he is not likely to be frugal with his verbal possessions. Yet it is altogether improbable that the speaker will set himself right with his country by throwing vitriol upon a few men in the house of representatives who have ventured to oppose him and to criticise his methods. The speaker is too well known, his career has been illuminated too brightly, to permit him to gain vindication by means of vituperation. He can denounce Mr. Fowlew as a mountebank, but the fact still stands that Mr. Cannon removed an expert from the committee on banking and currency in order to avenge a private grievance. He can rip Mr. Parsons up the back, but that will not convince the nation an unholy alliance had not been made with the unspeakable Tammany Hall. So through the list of insurgents may the speaker run amuck—and to what purpose? His unfitness to govern a body intended by the constitution to be truly representative will be made the plainer.

LOMBROSO.

Death has closed the earthly career of Cesare Lombroso, a scientist convinced there is no death to the soul, convinced he has communicated with those who live across the wall "worn a little bit thin," convinced that life, like matter, follows a law of conservation.

"He knows now," one thinks when one's eyes fall upon the news dispatch announcing the departure of the great Italian scholar. Lombroso devoted the last few years to a study of psychic phenomena. He began his investigation as a skeptic, a scoffer, impatient with his fellows for falling victims to what he considered palpable frauds. Not like Caesar did he conquer, but like Hannibal he was conquered. Many of those with whom Lombroso was associated believed that an explanation for the strange things they witnessed could be found in other than a supernatural hypothesis. Lombroso went the whole length of the rope. Prof. Hodgson, it will be remembered, died in the spiritualistic faith and it is alleged that he has been heard from since. There will be a quickening of interest at mediumistic seances to learn if the ghost of Lombroso will attempt to send a message through. But, even if he doesn't in fact, one may be sure there will be mediums who will produce a passable substitute.

RAILROADS AND TRESPASSERS.

The annual reports of the interstate commerce commission show that 47,416 persons were killed upon American railroads in ten years while trespassing in violation of the law. There has been a steady increase in such deaths, from 4,063 in 1898, to 5,612 in 1907. The railroads complain that they are charged with criminal neglect where, in many cases, the responsibility should rightfully be placed at the door of those killed and injured.

It is true that people resent any question of their right to walk upon railroad tracks. The lines are the highways of many hundreds of workmen in the industrial districts of the big cities and country folk never hesitate to use any cut-off that a railroad provides. But one must remember that the interstate commerce commission gets its reports from the railroads, not the coroners. A fundamental rule with a claim agent, after an accident has occurred, is to attempt to shift the responsibility from the company which hires him. He wouldn't hold his job long if he didn't. It may be that the figures 47,416 do not include the persons killed at grade crossings, upon bridges used jointly by railroads and wagon traffic, or within station yards where travelers must cross tracks in order to reach their trains. Would a person be far wrong if he dared to guess that they do?

Doctors are becoming agreeable at last. Eat what you like and as much of it as you wish, they say. Maybe they figure that because of the high cost of living no one will eat more than is good for him.

"It has been discovered," says the Des Moines Register and Leader, "that Ohio makes more bricks than Pennsylvania." Well, we use a great many in our political campaigns.

The Texas pony that was ridden by Mr. Taft expects to be able to walk without crutches in the next eight or ten weeks.

Fashion is now threatening the country with hoopskirts. Help!

THE RIGHT TO THE AIR.

It is a doctrine in law that the owner of land possesses all that is beneath the surface and all the air above it. A charge of trespass has been supported in the courts against persons firing guns from the roadside against game upon private property. The consent of owners must be obtained before tunnels can be run under the surface or wires run above.

The law has served a purpose in maintaining the inviolability of property. But unless so much of it as concerns the air is modified there is likely soon to be many harassing suits at law. The aeronauts will certainly never make an attempt to respect the law of trespass. They will fly over any and everyone's property if their machines permit and will dispute with vigor any contention which questions their right to do so. When aeronaut and the habitual litigant come into contact the citizen uninvolved will have opportunity to comment upon many singularities of human nature.

The law came up for discussion recently at a meeting of the Aero Club of America. It was suggested that the states could condemn the air as a highway and take title to it subject to the right of the land owner to build as high as he likes or to make any other private use he wishes of the air above him. An easy way out of the difficulty, it seems at first blush, but then a land owner could cry confiscation unless he were paid for such right as he sacrifices. What would be a reasonable price for the air per acre or square yard?

Another phase of the law against trespass will relate to the aeronaut who lands upon private property, or who drops anything upon it, or tears away tree limbs, or rips away a chimney. Lawsuits innumerable can be forecast by anyone who chooses to let his imagination go speculating. And what a merry time there will be for the lawyers.

WHEN THE TIDE TURNS.

The secretary of agriculture has been making an automobile tour through the rural parts of New York state. He was grieved to find so many farms abandoned and so many others in a poor state of cultivation.

"It was a beautiful country that we passed through," he said, "but the farms generally did not show prosperity. I saw hardly any sheep on the hillsides. Next to the cow the sheep is the most profitable domestic animal. Many of the districts looked depopulated. We saw plenty of children in the villages but few in the rural regions. The country looks deserted. In fact, interest in agriculture appears to have declined in New York state to a great extent."

The agitation to keep the farmers upon the soil may succeed of its purpose in time. The rush to the cities may come to a standstill and agriculture reach the ideal of the scientists wherein the perfect knowledge of nature will bring forth abundance. But the day is far ahead when the American farmer will not look to the west with yearning. Always beyond the setting sun there have been wonderful lands, valleys of richness and climates in which asthma and rheumatism cannot flourish. It is in the American blood to hunger for new fields and in the blood to risk all upon the adventure of emigration. When the irrigation tracts are all taken, the last subdivision made in California, the last railroad boom pamphlet issued, then the farms of New York and the rest of the east will be occupied again.

A CHANCE FOR SHIP SUBSIDIES

Two votes in the house of representatives on March 2 last would have passed the ship subsidy bill. The bill had been acted upon favorably by the senate. The advocates of the principle have reason to believe that the next session of congress will pass the measure, particularly since the President has shown that the subsidies could be paid for out of the profits of the ocean mail contracts.

The Democrats, in opposing the subsidy bills, have cast aside a policy which was among the strongest of the tenets of the party prior to the civil war, one advocated by Democratic executives and supported by Democratic congresses. Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin, writing in Atlantic Monthly, explains the cessation of grants for the carrying of the mails:

One cause of the shrinkage was that as a direct result of the fierce sectional jealousy and strife over the slavery issue in congress the ocean mail subsidies were withdrawn, in retaliation on the part of the leaders of the south against the abolition ports of the north, which built and owned most of the swift and powerful vessels of such unmistakable value in the conflict now seen to be impending.

The contrast between the period when mail subsidies were paid and the years in which they were not is well shown in the following table of imports and exports carried in American and foreign ships from 1825 to 1901:

Year.	In American Ships.	In Foreign Ships.
1825	$180,000,000	$ 15,000,000
1845	188,000,000	42,000,000
1850	239,000,000	90,000,000
1855	405,000,000	131,000,000
1860	507,000,000	255,000,000
1862	217,695,418	218,015,296
1869	289,000,000	586,000,000
1879	272,000,000	911,000,000
1884	233,000,000	1,127,000,000
1889	203,000,000	1,217,000,000
1897	189,000,000	1,525,000,000
1901	185,000,000	1,919,000,000

The New York Sun, as heartily a free trade advocate as any in the country, says: "The theory of free ships and the free shipyard may be satisfactory to its adherents, but is a world-wide condition that the United States is facing and must deal with."

LESSONS IGNORED.

Canada has learned many things by the experiments made and the bad examples set in the United States. But in a few directions she refuses to be advised, as note, for instance, the bitter squabbles over the proposed construction of a navy.

The dispute so far as it concerns whether there shall be a navy or not appears to be a small one, but it is deafening as relates to the manner of construction. Every member of parliament representing a maritime province is fighting tooth and nail to gain for his constituency either a dry dock or a shipbuilding contract. Quebec, usually alarmed by movements calling for the spending of money, is quieted by the prospects of advantages. St. John, N. B., has managed to defeat Halifax as a center for expenditures in the naval plan. British Columbia demands that at least half of the construction be carried out on the Pacific coast. The pulling and hauling will, of course, be brought to an end by the mutual back-scratching policy in vogue among politicians. Each section will get its share and possibly the general interest of the Dominion will gain some slight consideration.

The sight of New Orleans insisting upon a great naval base where none is needed, the case of Port Royal's drydock which cannot be used by anything bigger than a gunboat, the fact that a modern warship cannot get within a quarter mile of the expensive dock at Mare Island and the speeches of Senator Tillman in which he said, "If there is going to be any stealing, I want my share"—all these lessons, it is sad to behold, are lost upon the Canadians.

THE WAR ON CONSUMPTION.

The enlistment of the trades unions for the battle against tuberculosis was the most encouraging step taken in that mighty war. The International Typographical Union led the war by the erection of a sanitarium in connection with its home at Colorado Springs. The International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union has decided to put up a similar sanitarium, and the International Photo-Engravers' Union is paying from its funds for the treatment of afflicted members. The union to which the boot and shoe workers belong has recommended an alliance with the organizations engaged in preventing the spread of the disease.

Another forward movement is the promise of aid from 10 fraternal and benefit associations. Nine of these have come in the last year. Twelve months ago the Royal League stood alone among the benevolent societies. Joined with it now are the Brotherhood of American Yoemen, Order of Eagles, Improved Order of Red Men, Modern Woodmen of America, Knights of Pythias, Royal Arcanum, Workmen's Circle, Knights of Columbus, and Foresters of America.

The trades unions pledged to the cause have a membership of 100,000, the fraternal orders 3,000,000. If organized effort avails anything then the most deadly of diseases must give way.

LACE CURTAINS

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

During our last year's subscription season of ten months we gave to our subscribers for raising clubs nearly 15,000 pairs of Nottingham lace curtains. This has proved the most popular premium ever offered by The Blade, and we have contracted for an increased number for this season, which we will freely give upon terms stated below. We do not sell these curtains, but give one pair free, postpaid by mail, for every club of ten subscribers. The announcement we make this week is intended especially for those whose time expires next month. One month later we shall make the same announcement for those whose time expires the following month, and so on, each and every month in order.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By November 1st those whose subscriptions expire during November should have our propositions. If not received by November 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the best and cheapest weekly newspaper in the world, having now a quarter of a million subscribers and over a million readers. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain proposition. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to November subscribers only, and 30 days later the December people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our November propositions by December 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with December subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our November names and a large number of new ones as well.

WHOM PROSPERITY WORRIES.

News items of recent date indicate that in the minds of at least two men prosperity is not an unmixed blessing.

The chancellor of the University of Kansas declares that the big crops and the high prices of grain have made parents overindulgent. There is not the scholarship among boys from the farm which once made instructors smile with satisfaction when they found students from the country predominating in their classes. Where once the youngster from a rural district used to live on a slim allowance his son is very likely now to proceed to school in a motor car and to give more attention to frivolity than to his studies.

The second complainant is Benjamin Guggenheim, of the smelter trust. He says the rush of prosperity is bringing on a famine in high class labor and causing a blockade in transportation facilities.

The trouble in the university, we believe, can be met with discipline. Motor cars are no uncommon sight about the big schools of the east, and the constantly rising scale of entrance requirements shows that the injurious effects of luxuries can be offset. As for the criticism of Benjamin Guggenheim, the obvious answer is that the smelter combination ought now to see its way clear, after many years, to pay—since prosperity is with us—a higher wage to the skilled labor it desires, and thus go some distance toward wiping off that black stain the trust has put upon the state of Colorado and the cause of humanity.

NO PATRIOTISM THERE.

New York City is vastly indignant because of the minute examination of the baggage of the travelers from Europe, the many arrests for smuggling and the seizures of goods not properly declared. Long letters of protest are written to the papers, the collector of the port is denounced and the poor, harassed customs officers, obeying orders, when inclination would prefer to let the voyagers through on their say-so, are caricatured as brutes and monsters.

The most curious side of the fuss and dust raised is that those who have suffered most by the inquisitorial methods in vogue are among the chief beneficiaries of the protective tariff. The heirs of a very rich iron mine owner of Minnesota were arrested for attempting to smuggle jewelry. A false bottom covering goods of high value was found in the trunk of a southern cotton mill proprietor. The family of a steel manufacturer has been mentioned in connection with a seizure at the wharf. The love of country, plainly is never manifest in the business of paying customs duties, even with those who have the most reason to show their love.

A GUARANTY LAW VOID.

A decision rendered by two federal judges in Lincoln has knocked out the Nebraska state law for the guaranty of bank deposits, declaring it unconstitutional and void.

The decision goes at the root of the law, since it insists that the right to do ordinary business is a personal and inherent right and not a franchise to be pleaded for and to be voted after long discussion and careful examination of possible consequences.

A bank is an institution conducted for profit, differing—the court says—only in degree from the grocery or the dry goods store. If bank deposits are to be guaranteed by a system of fining safe and sane bankers to make up the losses brought about by those who play the dangerous game of wild finance, then it is right and just that grocery owners and dry goods merchants should support the credit of such grocery and dry goods stores as go bankrupt.

The guaranty law of Kansas is now undergoing a test in the courts. That of Oklahoma—the mother of all such statutes—has recently been attacked following a failure. It would be an excellent thing for the community if deposits were assured absolute safety, but another system than that of enforced guaranty must be devised.

RATE BOOSTING.

The railroads were well aware that they had a long struggle ahead of them when they opened their campaign to raise freight rates. They broached the suggestion at a time of industrial depression, trusting possibly to an exhaustion of the opposition before the real work of boosting freights began. They have since sent pounds and pounds of their literature to the newspapers, arguing, it is probable, that if only a small part were published the public would be prepared to accept the increased rates as inevitable.

There has been a good deal printed about the high efficiency of the big railroad lines, much more about the skill of operating officers in reducing costs per ton mile, as the phrase goes, a limitless amount concerning the success of the roads in making certain classes of freight pay which hitherto had been carried at a loss. We know that dividends have been paid with more regularity in the last ten or twelve years than in any previous period. The railroads have been better equipped, more firmly fixed, less effected by the varying winds of finance and speculation. The whole business argues that the companies have been making big profits out of existing rates. So far from running behind they have gained everything, stability, prestige, prosperity.

Net incomes of the railroads of the United States increased 453 per cent in ten years and yet the companies declare that more income is necessary in order to pay higher wages! How soon after the new rates were in force would the workmen get their fattened envelopes? Would the better pay be given voluntarily by those philanthropic institutions, the railroads, or would it have to be fought for while the treasuries salted away the increased profits?

A Maine prophet predicts that the world will come to an end September 11. He beats the Texas prophet by four days. But a day or two, more or less, doesn't amount to much when it comes to an event of that kind.

"Perhaps Mr. Burbank," says the Washington Star, "will devise a pumpkin that will taste as well as it looks." Then it will become a squash.

Under the Yoke.

I cannot wear the old clothes
I wore last spring, alack!
Because my waistband now has crept
Quite halfway up my back!
And as for sleeves, more dolorous
Than ever is my song—
Whereas they have been full and short,
Today they're small and long.
E'en one's anatomy is not
Exempt from sudden change!
We take on flesh, or cast it off
In manner passing strange!
Dame Fashion says: "You must be fat,
Or svelte, or quaintly lean;
More Botticellilike"—and lo!
No other type is seen!
Oh, Mother Eve, why did not you
Withstand the serpent's wiles?
Then we, your daughters, had not known
This curse of varying styles!

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BIRDS ON THE FARM

How the Useful Insect Destroyers May Be Encouraged.

From Bailey's Encyclopedia of Agriculture

It is important to the farmer to be able to protect the useful birds about the farm so as to increase their numbers. If, with little trouble and expense, he can make his farmstead attractive to the more valuable species he may be able to lure to it and maintain on it more birds than it would ordinarily support, particularly if he is willing to provide them with a little inexpensive food to tide them over hard places. In this way he may secure on his own land the full benefit of the services of birds as insect and weed destroyers.

Food is the magnet which will attract all species. A diversity of vegetation will provide a variety of insect and vegetable food. It is important that groves and thickets should be left about for bird shelters and insect refuges. The growth of existing fruit-bearing trees, shrubs and vines may be encouraged, or others may be planted especially for birds.

Nearly all wild fruits, except a few of the most poisonous are eaten by birds, and many that are not considered edible are not disdained by them. Fruit which, like the berries of the barberry, juniper, sumac and smilax, remains on the plant in fall and winter, is a godsend to the birds in time of stress. Many of the winter sparrows may be gathered about the farmyard by scattering on the ground a supply of chaff and hay seed from the barn floors. This feeding should be begun in the fall and continued in some open shed with a southern exposure when he deep snows of the winter cover the ground. A scratching shed for poultry is an ideal place as a shelter and feeding ground for small seed-eating birds. The birds thus fed will spend most of their time during the fall, winter and early spring in searching for and eating the seeds of weeds about the farm and garden. The insect-eating winter birds may be tolled to the orchard by tying on the trees, in sheltered places, bits of suet and bones with shreds of meat attached. If these precautions are taken in the fall and continued throughout the winter many birds will be attracted by them and will remain wherever the eggs and other hibernating forms of insects are plentiful on the trees. Orchards may sometimes be nearly freed from native pests by this method alone, but some of the more recently introduced insects seem to enjoy a greater or less immunity from the attacks of native birds.

There are many attractive bird foods that may be used in winter; among these are the seeds of the hemp, sunflower and Japanese millet, bread crumbs, doughnuts or crullers and nuts. In the winter, pieces of suet or fat meat, unsalted, may be tied in trees to feed the small woodpeckers, chickadees and nuthatches. But a variety of food it not so necessary as is a supply of coal ashes or sand, which furnishes the mineral matter that the seed-eating birds require to grind their food.

One reason for a scarcity of certain birds is a lack of suitable nesting places in the hollow trunks or limbs of trees. To attract these birds, some of which are among the most valuable of insect-eating species, it is only necessary to put up suitable nest receptacles. These may be made of small wooden boxes or tin cans, with an entrance in each at the upper or outer end. This hole should be from one to one and a half inches in diameter for blue birds, one and one-fourth inches for chickadees about one inch for wrens, and two or more inches for other larger birds.

The above are the dimensions which will barely allow the entrance of the species in each case and will keep out most of its enemies. Those who would cater to unusual visitors may bear in mind that a flicker or screech owl will require an entrance of about three inches in diameter. The size of the box is not material, provided only that it is large enough, but the entrance should be so high above the bottom of the box that the cat cannot reach in and claw out the young birds. If the box be not so constructed it should be so placed as to be inaccessible to this arch enemy of the birds. To be most useful, a nesting box should have the opening turned away from prevailing storms, and should be protected by a tight, overhanging roof. Its bottom should not be so tight as to hold any water which might chance to drive in. The box should be so situated as to be shaded in the hotter part of the day and the entrance should be made accessible by means of a hinged or removable door, slide or cover, so that the box may be readily cleaned and undesirable tenants speedily evicted. All the above conditions may be met without any expense by the use of wornout utensils, such as milk cans, coffee pots, tea ketties or fruit cans slightly altered for the purpose.

Suitable and ornamental boxes may be made of the bark of elm, chestnut and birch, all of which are desirable. The bark may easily be removed in June from a freshly cut sapling, cross-sections of the trunk may be used for the bottom and top of each box, and the roof may be covered and protected by tin, zinc or bark. The elaborate "architectural" houses that one often sees are not appreciated by the birds, nor are they always in good taste, but they are serviceable for purple martins.

Turtle Worship.

London Globe.

At a place calley Kotron, on the French Ivory coast, the natives believe that to eat or destroy a turtle would mean death to the guilty one or sickness among the family. The fetich men, of whom there are plenty, declare that years ago a man went to sea fishing. In the night his canoe was thrown upon the beach empty. Three days afterward a turtle came ashore at the same place with the man on its back, alive and well. Since that time they have never eaten or destroyed one of that species, although they enjoy other species. If one happens now to be washed ashore there is a great commotion in the town. First the women sit down and start singing and beating sticks; next a small piece of white cloth (color must be white) is placed on the turtle's back. Food is then prepared and placed on the cloth, generally plantains, rice, and palm oil. Then, amid a lot more singing, dancing, and antics of the fetich people, it is carried back into the sea and goes on its way rejoicing.

Rooster on Cowcatcher.

Lee Correspondence of Springfield Republican.

When the 3:40 express arrived yesterday afternoon people noticed that little Robert Thompson, who was in the crowd, started on a run for the engine. In a minute or two he climbed on the front of the locomotive, and as people began to call the engineer to look out for the boy, Thompson jumped to the platform with a large Plymouth Rock rooster in his arms.

It had been picked up somewhere on the route by the locomotive; its feet caught so that it was held, and Thompson secured it practically uninjured.

Varieties

Laces were originally made for ma wear.

There are blind stenographers and ty writers.

The use of steel for shipbuilding begun in 1879.

The tall silk hat first came into comm use in Paris in 1797.

Sicily lost 60,000 inhabitants by ear quake in 1693.

The modern French navy dates fr the reign of Napoleon III.

Irrigation has literally reclaimed desert in California.

The average weight of the heart is f 9 to 11 ounces.

The Chinese pupil reciting his les turns his back to the teacher.

The use of leather shoes of the for type is rapidly extending in Japan.

Roumania has 6,000,000 inhabitants whom 30,000 are blind.

It is estimated that England annua consumes the milk of 5,000,000 cows.

The world's postal business is incre ing at the rate of 7 per cen' per annu

The eruptions of Vesuvius greatly creases the fertility of the ground in vicinity.

Most of the large olive growers in Sp have their own mills for the extraction the oil.

Of the 12,000 000 acres under cu vation in Burma, 8,000,000 are dev to rice.

There are in France over 19,000 quali medical practitioners and over 11,000 ph macists.

Of the Philippine islands, the one wh probably has the most productive soil Mindanao.

The roller skating fad, which beca popular in England last winter, prom to continue this season as well.

Tests by an eastern railroad have de onstrated that it is possible for a sin locomotive to haul over 6,100 tons.

California's petroleum output has b steadily increasing for several years 1908 reaching the record figure of 44,8 barrels.

The Siamese peninsula is to be dev oped in the immediate future by the c struction of over 600 miles of railway

Into the trade school at Liege, Belgi there has been introduced a course cigar making, fostered by governm subsidy.

Many musk ox robes are in use in province of Ontario for cold weather ing. They are rare and too costly to common.

The American red gum is entere largely into the manufacture of furnit Early objections to its use have b overcome.

Milk costs at least 10 cents a quart Mexico and butter 50 cents a pound. demand for poultry is always gre than the supply.

Platform tickets are issued by German railroads for the use of non-tr elers who wish to say good-by to dep ing friends.

The smallest dog is probably the C huahua, of Mexico. It can snuggle in palm of the hand or may be concealed a bunch of flowers.

Hundreds of the houses of Minneap and St. Paul are equipped with outd open bedrooms, where the owners sl in the coldest weather.

An investigation of the boy workers London revealed that the newsboys w the most healthy, and those employed the bakers the least so.

In a potato-growing contest in Der shire, England, one competitor got a yi of 229 pounds from one pound of seed into 80 sets.

The pounding noise of steam pipes c be obviated by attaching to the pipes small check valve, set to admit air, not to release any pressure.

According to a writer in the Journal the Gypsy Lore society, it was not in but in 1414 that gypsies made their f appearance in western Europe.

The game of whist has been traced curious inquirers to that of triumph trumph or trump, which was extensive played in the early days of the sixteen century.

The detailed formula of every pa medicine has to be filed with the Austri government and other requirements f filled before its importation is allowed.

Louisiana produces two-thirds of t world's supply of sulphur, much of being melted by steam 600 feet un ground and pumped to the surface.

Submarine sounding signalse give w ing to vessels 10 miles distant of dreaded English bank at La Plata riv Uruguay, where dense fogs are freque

Researches in Germany show that given quantity of red-hot coke will a serb four times the amount of wa that will be absorbed by the same coke cold.

Experiments are being made in Engl and Germany in cultivating the s bean, which is said to be nearly th times as rich in albuminoids as oats a wheat.

Three hundred women were contesta in a recent archery tournament in L don. Archery has become a popular s with women in both England and Fra

Japan recently completed and placed commission the fastest passenger stea ship in the Pacific. Oil fuel and turb engines give it a speed of 23 knots.

In reply to an inquiry, Consul Cha M. Caughey, of Milan, reports that b ness racing is becoming more general Italy, 26 meetings having been held 1909 in 23 cities.

Abdul Hamid's 2,000 waistcoats and hundreds of boxes of shirts and wa coats foupd in Yildiz kiosk recall posthumous sale of King George IV wardrobe, which realized $45,000.

Consul Alfred A. Winslow reports t work was begun August 31 on the railway locomotive ever built in Chile, the work of the Sociedad de Maestran y Galvanizacion, in Valparaiso.

With a view to raising the standard the pillow needle point and Midland l production by English peasantry the l mayoress of Midland will hold an exh tion entirely of English hand-made l at the Mansion house.

Talleyrand never was in love but on and that was when he was about years old. When Napoleon ordered h to marry and picked out a wife for h he pleaded this youthful attachme which was immediately scoffed at by great matchmaker as a piece of nonsen

The burden of taxation on the Japan people for the present year, including tional and local taxes and contribution works of irrigation and to the repair damage caused to public works by flo shows an average of $32 a head of population.

Fifteen hundred "sixpenny cabs," b some and four-wheelings, have just b placed in the streets of London, and th are said already to have a scored a g success. Each cab bears a little flag w the announcement: "Sixpence (12 cen not exceeding one mile."

The practice of cutting the claws of more ferocious animals of the Lon zoological garden has recently been gr ly facilitated by chloroforming the i mals. Heretofore it was done by sh force by a squad of men, the animal b ing first secured by ropes.

A typical lunar landscape has been t tated in a curious way by Paul Fuchs German experimenter. Iron ores are slag fr a smelting furnace were run off at 1,90 degrees and cooled with water appe in various ways. Craters, mountains plains were produced according to conditions of the slag and the cooling

A remarkable suspension bridge sp the River Apurimac in central Peru. ropes of this bridge are composed pliable roots and vines, while the plan are made of branches. In the humi climate of Peru it would be by no mea extraordinary if this vegetable bri were one day to start growing.

An able writer on missionary su jects who is himself an African trave of some distinction, ventures thus prophesy in the year 1900: "There c be little doubt that before the close the coming century heathenism will practically extinct in the continent Africa. The whole population will either nominally Christian or nomina Mohammedan."

A new telegraph cable has recen been laid right across the Forth brid The cable, which was laid by the p office, and is its property, has taken t place of the former one, which w found to be unsatisfactory. A train six wagons was employed to con the cable, and this moved slowly acr the bridge, while the men laid cable down on the footpath on the line side of the bridge.

Staff Surgeon Oswald Rees, of t British navy, says the negro's po gives him an advantage over the wh man in the stoke hold as well as in sun. "In the sun," this authority plains, "dark skins resist heat bet in the stoke hold it radiates he

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2940—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves and with or without back yoke facing. A neat every-day model for any of the season's shirtings. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3073—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Heavy linen, madras, flannel or taffetas develop well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2542—Child's One-Piece Box-Plait Dress. A neat little model for challis, cashmere, heavy linen or percale. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2626—Child's Two-Piece Dress, closing on shoulders. Linen, madras, challis, cashmere or any of the pretty ginghams make this a neat little dress for knock-about wear. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2432—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, closed at left side of front and with an inverted box plait at center-back seam. A very stylish model for cheviot, serge or broadcloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2910—Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt, closing at left side of back. Voile, mohair, Panama cloth or serge are all pretty developed in this style. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2897—Misses' and Girls' Night Gown, with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Adaptable to any of the sheer white materials or flannel or flannelette. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

2585—Boys' Overcoat. Navy blue frieze cloth was used for this little model. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2839—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with an attached five-piece skirt, having plaited flounce. Pale lavender voile was used for this pretty model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2753—Ladies' Work Apron, closing with buttons on shoulders. Checked or striped gingham, linen or percale all develop well in this serviceable garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2908—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with three-quarter length sleeves. Sheer white batiste was used for this pretty model, the collar and cuffs being imitation Irish lace. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3069—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Pretty developed in taffetas or surah silk. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2929—Girls' Envelope Dress, closing with buttons at each side and having a separate gulmpe. An excellent model for any of the washable materials. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3064—Girls' Two-Piece Suit, consisting of a three-quarter length coat, and a one-piece plaited skirt having suspenders. A charming little school suit developed in navy blue serge. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2396—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. Adaptable to any of the season's suitings is this neat everyday model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2914—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt. For a separate skirt or as part of a suit this is a very neat model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

1911—Child's Round-Yoke Dress, with long or short sleeves. A pretty little model for challis, cashmere or albatross. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

3051—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Flannel, eiderdown, cashmere, challis or cretonne make up pretty in this dainty sack. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3076—Ladies' Princess Dress, closing at left side front seam and with or without the removable chemisette. The model here illustrated was developed in black broadcloth. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3065—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at left side of back and with or without long sleeves and removable chemisette. Tan serge was used for this stylish model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

CANNON SEES A PLOT

Says He Has Found a Cummins-Bryan Deal in Iowa.

Insurgents Mercilessly Read Out of Party and Tariff "Is Best Ever."

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 20.—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon opened fire on the Republican insurgents last evening in an address before the Illinois Mayors' association at the Elgin opera house.

Senator Cummins of Iowa and Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, and their followers practically were read out of the party. Speaker Cannon defended himself against the charges of czar rule and branded as false the report that six of the Illinois representatives will join the revolt against him. Vigorous denial was made of the assertion that his election as speaker was brought about through a deal with Tammany. W. J. Bryan was dealt with in blistering terms and was declared to be two-faced in his attitude on the house rules.

Representative Fowler, of New Jersey, who recently attacked the speaker, came in for incidental mention. Mr. Fowler's refusal to report to the house the emergency currency measure was given by intimation as the reason for dropping him as chairman of the currency and banking committee.

The new tariff act was characterized as the best ever passed in the history of the country. Speaker Cannon spoke for nearly two hours, devoting his entire time to subjects relating to congress. More than 1,200 people were in the audience.

"I was over in Iowa last week and found that it is an open secret there that Senator Cummins not only proposes to join hands with Bryan, but he says the agitation will not stop and he will appeal to the people until the tariff is revised according to his notion," said Speaker Cannon. "It is well known that Senator Cummins is out to defeat every member of congress in Iowa who voted for thte bill.

"In this campaign to be waged by Senator Cummins the issue appears to be whether the seven senators and 20 members of the house who voted against the tariff bill constitute the Republican party or whether the majority of Republican members of congress and the President signed the bill made up the Republican party.

These people, under the leadership of Senator Cummins and Senator La Follette call themselves Republicans, but if they are then I am something else."

ENTERS LIQUOR TRADE

Steel Trust Prepares to Buy Breweries.

Pittsburg, Oct. 25.—The United States Steel corporation has decided to make an effort to control the drinking habits of 25,000 persons in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, interested in the manufacture of coke, and will invest $10,000,000 in the project to obtain possession of the nine breweries now running inside the county.

While the effort to merge these breweries is being conducted in the name of the Pittsburg Brewing company, it is understood that the steel corporation is back of the whole move and will try to regulate the drinking of the workmen, it being figured that at least 3 per cent better returns can be gleaned on the millions invested there by regulating the drink of the coke worker—permitting him to drink, but stipulating where and when he shall drink.

The sale of beer by the keg or by the barrel to the coke worker is what the corporation objects to, and this it will try to remedy. For more than a year figures have been gathered on drinking among the coke workers and it is found that for 72 hours after each pay day the coke ovens do not run more than two-thirds capacity and there is scarcely a pay day when hundreds of tons of coke are not ruined by inability to get proper men to care for it in the ovens.

The idea is to announce the number of licensed drinking places in the county, so that all the workmen will be supplied, but to kill the sale of drink in bulk to the coke worker. It being alleged that the workman lays in a great store of drink when he is flush with money, then "lies down beside it."

Absolute possession of the nine breweries inside the county, it is thought, will accomplish this, and for this purpose $10,000,000 has been offered. It is purposed to block all other beers in bulk from the county and not permit any of the nine breweries to sell in bulk to the workman.

In this move the corporation is backed by the saloon keepers of Fayette county, the business houses and most of the tax payers, as it has been shown that 75 per cent of the county crimes are committed within 48 hours after each pay day, when the men have been permitted to carry home great bulks of liquor for a spree. It is believed that barring liquor from the home of the coke worker will revolutionize the coke making. In any event, the corporation is willing to spend a few millions trying it.

SICILY IS SHAKEN

Quake Demolishes Many Buildings.

Catania, Sicily, Oct. 22.—Several strong earth shocks were felt here yesterday. They were more pronounced at Acireale, on the slope of Mount Etna.

The people at this place, alarmed by the first shocks, rushed out of their houses and camped in the open air. Ten houses fell in the outskirts of Acireale, but only one person was killed. The victim was a veterinary surgeon, who refused to abandon his house. It was among those thrown down by the later heavier shocks and he was buried in the wreckage. The walls of many houses were cracked.

Mount Vesuvius is again very active. Quantities of stones were thrown up yesterday, falling inside the crater. The ejection was preceded and accompanied by detonations. This is considered the most serious eruption of Mount Vesuvius since 1906.

STEAMER PASSES MANY BODIES

Victims of Typhoon Float in Haitan Straits.

San Francisco, Oct. 23.—The Japanese liner Nippon Maru, which arrived here yesterday, reported that before leaving Hong Kong, the British steamer Kwuhang arrived there and told of having passed many human bodies at the entrance to Haitan straits. The bodies were those of victims of a terrific typhoon. Many of the bodies were lashed to spars, and were in an advanced stage of decomposition. On one water-logged sampan 30 bodies were counted.

TARIFF WARS AHEAD

Germany Now Slated as Second Opponent in Commercial Duel.

Washington, Oct. 23. — Not only are government officials talking of a "tariff war" with France, but Germany, also, is slated as our opponent in a commercial duel that will work great harm to our commerce and business interests generally. These conditions are admitted to be one of the results of the passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

Only a few days ago it was given out semi-officially that there was a chance of a tariff war with France, and now it is said there is equal danger of one with Germany.

The announced intention of the German government to ask the reichstag for authority to impose what would amount to an export duty on crude potash sent to America, in the interest of the syndicate which controls the majority of the potash mines of Germany, has already attracted serious attention.

Offhand, the opinion is expressed that any such action would constitute just such a discrimination against America as is described in section two of the new tariff act. If that were found to be the case, then it would be obligatory upon the President to penalize all German imports into America by the imposition of 25 per cent more duty than they would otherwise pay.

What may result in a tariff war originated in a comparatively small item, measured in dollars and cents. The total value of the crude potash imported from Germany into the United States during the calendar year 1907 was $581,196, according to German statistics. But the trade is growing rapidly as one result of the steady depletion of the Pacific island guano deposits and the increasing price of Chilean saltpeter, and in fact the rapid exhaustion of other bases for the manufacture of fertilizers, for which crude potash is used.

Foreseeing a corner in the German potash markets, a combination of American manufacturers of fertilizers recently made an advantageous contract for a ten-year period with a number of German potash mine owners for an adequate supply of crude potash. The rate was below that fixed by the "syndicate," which is equivalent to a trust in America. The outcome has been an appeal to the German government, which the Berlin cablegrams now declare will respond with an export duty. If this is done a situation may arise severely straining the business relations of Germany and America.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, October 27.—A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 390, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

DANGER IN THE HUNT

Roosevelt Says It Is No Boy's Play to Shoot Lions.

New York, Oct. 22.—Theodore Roosevelt, writing in the November number of Scribner's magazine, gives his impressions and experiences on an east African ranch—which in many ways reminded him of early days on the plains of the great west—and then plunges directly into an account of his first encounters with big African game.

"The dangerous game of Africa," he says, "are the lion, buffalo, elephant, rhinocerous and leopard. The hunter always does so at a certain risk of life or limb; a risk which it is his business to minimize by coolness, caution, good judgment and straight shooting. The leopard is, in point of pluck and ferocity, more than the equal of the other four; but his small size always renders it likely that he will merely maul and not kill a man.

Got a "Strangle Hold."

"My friend Carl Akely, of Chicago, actually killed, barehanded, a leopard which sprang on him. He had already wounded the beast twice, crippling it in one front and one hind paw, whereupon it charged, followed him as he tried to dodge the charge, and struck him full just as he turned. It bit him in one arm, biting again and again as it worked up the arm from wrist to the elbow, but Akely threw it, holding its throat with the other hand and flinging its body to one side. It luckily fell on its side with its two wounded legs uppermost so that it could not tear him. He fell forward with it and crushed in its chest with his knees until he distinctly felt one of the ribs crack; this, said Akely, was the first moment when he felt he might conquer. Redoubling his efforts, with knees and hand, he actually choked and crushed the life out of it, although his arm was badly bitten."

Mr. Roosevelt devotes considerable space to telling how he brought to bay and finally killed a lion. The description begins at a point where the hunter is standing beside his mount, considering what he shall do if the lion charges and cannot be stopped by a well directed shot. The writer continues:

Admits He's "Elderly."

"Now, an elderly man with a varied past, which includes rheumatism, does not vault lightly into the saddle, as his sons, for instance, can, and I had already made up my mind that in the event of the lion's charging it would be wise for me to trust to straight powder rather than to try to scramble into the saddle and get under way in time.

"I could still not see the lion when I knelt, but he was now standing up, looking first at one group of horses and then at the other, his tail lashing to and fro, his head held low and his lips dropped over his mouth in peculiar fashion, while his harsh and savage growling rolled thunderously over the plain. Seeing Simba and me on foot, he turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker.

"Resting my elbow on Simba's bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger; the bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one foreleg in the air. He recovered in a moment and stood up, evidently very sick, and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I think he was on the eve of charging. I fired again at once, and this bullet broke his back just behind the shoulders, and with the next I killed him outright, after we had gathered around him."

The Sultan's Waistcoats.

London Chronicle.

Abdul Hamid's 2,000 waistcoats and the hundreds of boxes of shirts and vests found in Yildiz Kiosk recall the posthumous sale of King George IV's wardrobe, which realised £15,000.

TAFT IS NON-DRINKER

Head of National W. C. T. U. Says He Turns His Glass Bottom Up.

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 22.—At an early hour today the delegates to the 36th annual convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union began flocking to the big auditorium. The convention was called to order at 9:30 a. m., the preceding hour having been devoted to a service of prayer and praise under the leadership of Madame Layyah A. Barakat, national evangelist. Besides the voting delegates, officers, department superintendents, organizers and other official workers, there were present at the opening many hundreds of visiting members from all parts of the United States.

The convention came to order at the tap of President Stevens' gavel promptly at 9:30. Singing, led by Mrs. Frances W. Graham, of New York, was followed by devotional exercises. After the roll call the annual report of the executive committee was presented. Then the annual report of the president was read.

An Example for All.

Mrs. Stevens featured her report with a note of congratulation to President Taft for his stand on the temperance question. In reviewing the action of corporations and organizations in different parts of the country which have placed a ban on the employment of persons addicted to the liquor habit, Mrs. Stevens said:

"There have been many similar determinations during the year by organizations and prominent individuals, the latest and most notable being that of Mr. Taft, who, soon after his election as President of the United States, at a banquet turned his wine glass down and said it would ever remain so, and in harmony with this action and through his request no liquors were served at the inaugural ball at Washington.

"For Mr. Taft to set the example of total abstinence is cause for great rejoicing by those who care for humanity's weal. It is an example safe and beneficent for all to follow. Mr. Taft is entitled to grateful thanks and appreciation of a thrice grateful nation."

In a review of victories won by the temperance cause the work in Tennessee, Alabama, Florida South Carolina, Indiana, Ohio, and Nebraska are particularly mentioned. Particular attention is given also to the death of Senator E. W. Carmack, of Tennessee, the report in this respect saying: "To the old volunteer state of Tennessee have come the saddest and gladdest days. The saddest day was when a murderous bullet pierced the heart of Edward Ward Carmack, Tennessee's most gifted and gallant son—a man who stood fearlessly for civic righteouness and who nobly challenged the right of the liquor traffic to live."

Says Effects Are Known.

Considerable stress is laid on the work in Alabama, where, the report states, was furnished a wonderful chapter in prohibition agitation and conquest. Governor Comer, of that state, is congratulated on his action in calling an extra session of the legislature to adopt more stringent laws against the liquor traffic.

A general review on total abstinence says: "There is in the public mind a clearer understanding concerning the relation of total abstinence to prohibition. All well meaning, intelligent people know that liquor drinking is demoralizing; that it is destructive to health and happiness, to commercial and industrial efficiency."

In proof of this statement Mrs. Stevens quotes from numerous authorities and especially refers to statements made by heads of 39 of the leading railroad systems of the country in response to letters sent them by the National W. C. T. U. asking for their policy with regard to drinking men. All replies received stated that there was an absolutely prohibitive rule against liquor.

"It is conservatively estimated, therefore," the report says, "that 90 per cent of the railways, 79 per cent of the manufacturers, 80 per cent of the trades and 79 per cent of agriculturists discriminate against workmen who drink."

Mrs. Stevens deplores the fact that many daily papers accept extensive advertising contracts from liquor dealers and in her report gives a list of 42 periodicals which decline to accept this class of advertising. She says that one periodical refused $200,000 of liquor advertising in one year.

The work of securing a federal law which will prevent interstate shipments of liquor into "dry" territory is commended and action along that line already taken is reviewed at length. Speaker Cannon is charged with having prevented the passage of a bill designed for that purpose through the last congress, the report stating that "the feeling prevailed that the Littlefield bill would have passed had it been given a fair chance by Speaker Cannon."

The report strongly favors a federal commission of inquiry on the alcoholic liquor traffic, but admits that it is not so greatly needed now as it was 20 years ago.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Brannaman, 1251 Walnut st., Kansas City, Mo.

FARLEY TO BE HONORED

Falconio Also Is Believed Destined to Be Made a Cardinal.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Unless Pope Pius is ill or because some emergency not foreseen at this time prevents, a consistory will be held in December or January for the appointment of ten cardinals, two of which, according to present pontifical plans, will be American. One will be a member of the Curia, and thus will remain in Rome, with headquarters in the vatican.

This information was received yesterday from Rome by a high prelate, and is considered semi-official.

It is said that the Pope wishes to increase enthusiasm in the Catholic religion, especially in America, and for this reason wishes to have a counselor sufficiently conversant with American individual sees to enable the pontiff to act at once.

The new cardinal who will hold this high position is held to be Monsignor Falconio, the present papal delegate to the United States. His appointment will be regarded as full American, as he became naturalized in 1868 and voted in a presidential election. His 46 years in America are considered to have given him sufficient insight into American religious matters to make him a valuable adviser to the Pope.

The same advices state that the other cardinal is to be Archbishop Farley, of New York city. It is known that the pontiff is highly pleased with his work and his influance in mainof the larger American cities.

It is pointed out that Archbishop Farley's elevation to the cardinalate is in line with general ecclesiastical promotion, and will not only please the laity, but also some of the most influential and substantial supporters of the church, including Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the New York financier, and Martin Maloney, the Philadelphia millionaire, both of whom have liberally contributed to the funds of the church.

DEATH OF PECKHAM

Judge of Supreme Court Dies at His Home in Albany.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 25.—Rufus W. Peckham, associate justice of the United States supreme court, died last night at Coolmore, his summer home at Altamont, Albany county. Death was due to a complication of diseases, heart trouble, Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries contributing.

Justice Peckham had been in ill health for some time, but his condition was not considered serious until recently. Following adjournment of the May term of the United States supreme court, he came on from Washington with Mrs. Peckham to spend the summer at Altamont, expecting to return for the beginning of the October term.

A few days ago his condition became such that his physicians said he was likely to die at any time or might linger for several months. Up to a few days ago Justice Peckham exhibited considerable strength and was able to be about the house.

Jutice Peckham was a Democrat, and before taking a seat on the bench gave considerable attention to politics in New York. He was born in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1838, and had been on the bench, state and federal, for 26 years. He came from the court of appeals of his native state, a position which his father before him had occupied.

Mr. Peckham was the last of President Cleveland's Democratic appointees to the federal supreme court, Chief Justice Fuller and Justice White being the other two. He took his seat in January, 1906.

His chief distinction was that of giving his time exclusively to the duties of the court. He accepted no outside appointments and undertook no work not connected with the high tribunal of which he was a member. But he was in constant attendance on the court and he gave the most careful attention to all matters before it. He was married, but went little into society. Unlike others of the justices, he accepted no invitations to public functions, and made no public addresses after taking his seat as a justice.

SPECULATION ON CHOICE OF PECKHAM'S SUCCESSOR

Washington, Oct. 24.—While none of the officials now here would discuss today the probable successor to Justice Peckham, each declaring that it would be a violation of the proprieties, the names of Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis; former Secretary of War, Luke E. Wright; the present secretary, J. M. Dickinson; Henry M. Hoyt, counsellor for the state department and solicitor in the state department and solicitor general in the Roosevelt administration, and Solicitor General Bowers have been prominently mentioned.

Mr. Judson is known to command the respect and firm friendship of President Taft. He was appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate the question of rebates on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad in company with the present governor of Ohio, Judson Harmon. The finding and recommendations of the two investigators did not meet with the complete approval of President Roosevelt and the two men resigned.

Shortly before the opening of the campaign last year, Mr. Judson wrote a magazine article explaining and applauding Mr. Taft's decisions in labor cases during the time the President was on the bench. Although a Democrat, Mr. Judson gave Taft all credit for the decisions, which he maintained were models of lucidity and established a clear line of judicial procedure to be followed between labor and capital. The article later was used as a campaign document. The names of Counsellor Hoyt, former Secretary Wright, Secretary Dickinson and Solicitor General Bowers have been suggested whenever the report has arisen concerning the probable retirement of certain justices who are entitled to honorable withdrawal from active duty. Three of the men owe their entrance into public life to President Taft, while he has frequently voiced his admiration of Mr. Hoyt's legal acumen.

Although there is no rule to govern the appointment, the vacancy on the bench, by precedent, likely will go to a Democrat. In this event, Hoyt and Bowers would be eliminated. No action in the matter will be taken, however, until after Mr. Taft's return from his tour through the country.

WEARY OF CANNON RULE

William Allen White Says End of Speaker in That State Is Near.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 20.—William Allen White, the political prophet of Kansas, advocate of things as they ought to be in the Sunflower state, came to Kansas City yesterday, bringing, in addition to his famous grin, the news that the reign of things as they are in Kansas congressional politics is approaching dissolution. The state is going to make a clean sweep, Mr. White says, and elect no Cannon Republican to the 63d congress.

"The people are tired of Cannon," Mr. White said. "They are going to retire him from public life. Here in the west and the middle west the great movement for progress is well under way and there is nothing that can stop it.

"There are six districts in Kansas that are represented by congressmen who apparently have no conception of things as they ought to be. But in each of these six districts represented by Cannon congressmen the people are going to make a change. Those who believe in different things in Kansas are going to be united in this fight and they are going to win.

"I believe that the Parsons charges against Cannon confirm all that Cannon's enemies have ever charged against us. The authenticity of the charges backed by the investigator for Covernor Hughes and by Chairman Parsons of the New York state Republican central committee put it up to Cannon and his friends either to answer the charges specifically or retire from public life.

"There has been no scandal in our American politics that is more disgraceful than that, and any Kansas congressman who attempts to stand by Cannon will also have to defend his robbery of elections and his prostitution of the ballot of the people.

"Emma Goldman in her palmiest days never made so many anarchists as Joe Cannon."

TAFT'S SECRETARY IN PRISON

New York, Oct. 22.—When Ralph H. S. Whitney, a well appearing young man, came up for sentence on a forgery charge yesterday, his attorney surprised the court by declaring that his client belong to a well-known Boston family and had once been private secretary for President Taft. Nevertheless, Whitney was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and Grace Maidhof, who said she came from California, was given three years for the same crime. Both had confessed. Whitney addressed the court for an hour in the girl's behalf, but in vain.

TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR

Seemed Imminent—Scalp Was Very Scaly and Hair Came Out by Handfuls — Scalp Now Clear and

NEW HAIR GROWN BY CUTICURA

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being scaly. Shortly after that I had an attack of typhoid fever and I was out of the hospital possibly two months when I first noticed the loss of hair, my scalp being still scaly. I started to use dandruff cures to no effect whatever. I had actually lost hope of saving any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. I was afraid to comb it. But after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be and my hair thicker than ever, whereas I had my mind made up to be bald. W. F. Steese, 5812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, '09."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

IF YOU APPRECIATE
FINE WHISKEY
Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive
FREE OF COST A FULL QUART
of the best straight Whiskey made.
SECURITY CO., 316 S. Water St., Chicago.
Name
Address

$4.00 RAZOR for $1.40 PREPAID

As old fashioned Razor made the old-fashioned way; hand-forged from razor steel, oil-tempered; 9/8 in. blade, extra hollow ground, double shoulder; finely balanced black handle; every blade special tested—razor your grandson will be proud to own.
FREE TRIAL
SEND NO MONEY—Just send name and address; we will send razor to you. Use it FREE TEN DAYS—then, if you want to own it, send it satisfactory price, $1.40; if not the best razor bargain you ever saw, return it and you'll owe us nothing. CARROLL CUTLERY & CO., 386 Washington Blvd., Chicago.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**
DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 59, Kansas City, Mo.

The Famous **RATHSKELLER BEER**
$2.70 for 3 doz. pts., cash with order, less 60c for return bottles.
PAUL REISING BREWING CO., New Albany, Ind.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00.
DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

WANTED SOLDIERS' Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal
HOMESTEADS 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. Our system. American Institute, 937 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position I. Railway C. I. No. 38, Indianapolis, Ind.

EARN $7 DAILY, SELLING the Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a. Send for free booklet and statement on earth. Write for special agents' and dealers' terms. Dr. Hess Specialty Co., Dept. 39, St. Louis, Mo.

SKUNK Highest prices paid for skunk & other furs. Write M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure. Price $1.00. Every woman wants one. Made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, M-1460 Wabash, Chicago.

LAND OF MANATEE—Situated on the west coast of Florida, near the gulf, is the "Land of Manatee." Here fruit and vegetables are raised the whole year. One acre often yields as much as $1,000 net. Vegetables and fruits are raised here in the winter months and shipped at highest prices to the northern markets. Buy a farm in Manatee county and grow it. Independent, small farm will prove an excellent investment. Climate the very best, abundant rain, good roads, convenient markets, fine schools. Write at once for booklet and full information, "Fruit and Vegetable Growing in the Land of Manatee," by a western man upon request. J. W. White, Gen. Indust. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Virginia.

CIGAR SALESMAN wanted in your locality to represent us. Experience unnecessary. $110 per mo. and expenses. Write for particulars. Adress Sales Dept., Monarch Cigar Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage directory FREE. Pay when married. New Plan. Box 314 J. E., Kansas City, Mo.

LEARN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. Great shortage of operators everywhere. We operate the official training schools of over sixty railroads and wireless companies. Positions assured under guaranty bond. Work for expenses. Cat. free. NAT'L TELEG. INSTITUTE, Cincin., O.; Phila., Pa.; Davenport, Ia.; Columbia, S. C.; Memphis, Tenn.; Portland, Ore.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars—Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address Morestock Tobacco Works, Box E 26, Danville, Virginia.

MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. THE EXCHANGE, Box B. E., Kansas City, Mo.

STOP—Listen! 200-acre stock farm, $1,800; terms; other farms. McGrath, Mountain View, Mo.

District managers wanted; new article; salary and com. R. C. Marshall, 3380 Monroe, Toledo, O.

DR. CLEMINSON ON TRIAL

Chicago Physician Charged With Murder of Wife.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—Dr. Haldane Cleminson, charged with the murder, May 30 last, of his wife, was placed on trial before Judge McSurely here today.

On the morning of Mrs. Cleminson's death Dr. Cleminson telephoned to a physician that he and his wife had been chloroformed by a burglar, that Mrs. Cleminson was dying and that he was very sick. Twenty-four hours after Mrs. Cleminson's death the physician admitted that he had invented the burglar story to save his children from the stigma of their mother's suicide.

Mrs. Cleminson was a daughter of John Morgan, of South Haven, Michigan, who died a short time ago.

RIVER RISES SIXTY FEET

Storm Records Broken in Recent Luzon Typhoon.

Manila, Oct. 25.—Some storm records were broken in the recent typhoon which crossed northern Luzon and the Benguet mountains. Eighteen inches of rain fell in nine hours and 26 inches fell in the 24 hours the storm lasted. The Bued river rose 62 feet.

The wind gauge at the observatory broke when the wind attained a velocity of 95 miles an hour. It is estimated that it will require two months to restore the Baguio road.

Another typoon went swirling across Luzon, between Manila and Gagupan, Saturday, but no serious damage is reported.

YOU NEED NO MONEY. We Trust You with Our Goods.

MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED 112-PIECE DINNER SET FREE

WE PREPAY FREIGHT On Premiums, Baking Powder, etc.

To every lady who distributes only a few pounds of our Belle Baking Powder, we will give ABSOLUTELY FREE this beautifully embossed,

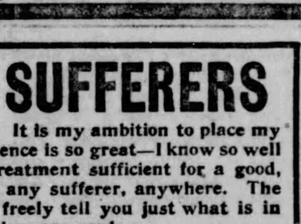
112-PIECE DINNER SET—MAGNIFICENTLY FLORAL DECORATED

and full size for family use. *With each pound Baking Powder, you may give either Six Full Size Crystal White Glass Tumblers or Six Jelly Glasses with Tin Caps,* as per plan 161, the glasses alone are worth almost as much as the price of the entire plan. Many other Tea, Coffee, Soap and Grocery offers equally as cheap in price. If preferred, you can have choice of hundreds of other useful premiums, such as *Toilet Sets, Furniture, Linen Sets, Graniteware, Lamps, Etc.,* or we WILL PAY YOU A LARGE CASH COMMISSION for your work. Best of all,

NO MONEY IS NEEDED.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT on everything to your nearest Railroad Station, allowing plenty of time to examine and deliver before paying us. *Write at once for our FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT* and other things. If after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement. WE ALSO GIVE ELEGANT PRESENTS FOR APPOINTING ONE OR MORE AGENTS TO WORK FOR US. Remember, the Special Premium and Sample Outfit are both absolutely free. Write today.

THE PURE FOOD CO.
983 W Pearl St., CINCINNATI, O.



Special FREE Present

We give a Granite Kitchen Set or 10-Piece Toilet Set, free of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send us your name and ask for this Free Present.

FREE TO ALL HEART SUFFERERS

I want humanity to have the benefit of my discovery. It is my ambition to place my Heart Tablets in the hands of every sufferer. My confidence is so great—I know so well just what they will do—that I will send a course of treatment sufficient for a good, fair, honest test, by mail, postpaid, absolutely free, to any sufferer, anywhere. The Tablets are not a secret or patent medicine, and I will freely tell you just what is in them. No case should be pronounced incurable before they are used.

THOUSANDS HAVE HEART DISEASE AND DO NOT KNOW IT

Through ignorance of the symptoms they are being hurried on to almost certain death. While they doctor the stomach, lungs, kidneys, or nerves, the true cause of their trouble—heart disease—obtains a most deadly grasp on the system. The symptoms are easy to find if you only look for them. If you have any one—even only one—take steps to-day to protect yourself from sudden death. Delay may mean death.

SYMPTOMS—NATURE'S DANGER WARNINGS

Read them slowly and carefully, applying each one to your case

Does your heart pain you, flutter, or skip beats?
Have you shortness of breath upon going up stairs, walking, talking, or singing?
Are you troubled with dizziness, fainting spells nervousness, or spots before the eyes?
Do you suddenly start in your sleep or have nightmare?
Do you have hungry or weak spells?
Is there an oppressed feeling in the chest or choking sensation in your throat?
Are your feet or hands cold?
Do you have dropsy or swelling of the feet or ankles (one of the surest signs)?
Are you subject to neuralgia around the heart?
Is it hard at times for you to breathe?
Is it painful to lie on your left side?

Address Dr. F. G. KINSMAN
Box 995, Augusta - - Maine

WHAT OTHERS SAY

There is no part of the country from which remarkable cures have not been made—cases pronounced incurable and where all hope had been abandoned. A list of over 1,000 recent testimonials and endorsements—every one guaranteed genuine—will be sent with the free treatment. You may find among them the name of some friend or neighbor, and thus personally verify my statements.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 995, Augusta, Maine.

Please send me by mail, postpaid, absolutely free of charge, a course of your celebrated Heart Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

HARRIMAN'S AID SAVES ROAD

Erie Report Shows Finances Are Improving.

New York, Oct. 21.—The Erie railroad, which received timely aid from E. H. Harriman during the spring of last year, when he stepped in and saved it from defaulting on its maturing notes, issued its annual report yesterday, showing that it is rapidly regaining its financial position. Its operating income was $13,536,876, an increase of $4,784,336 over the previous year. The net income for the year, available after the deduction of fixed charges was $3,347,643.

No successor to Mr. Harriman was elected at the annual meeting of the stockholders, which was also held yesterday.

COOK TO LOOK INTO ATTACK

Will Go to Montana to Find Out About Affidavits.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 25.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook stopped on his way to Minneapolis at Hamline University today and, by special arangement with President Bridgeman, made a brief address to the students. Dr. Cook was given an enthusiastic welcome.

Dr. Cook will close his lecture tour in Minneapolis tonight, and from there will go to Missoula to look into the matter of the Barrill affidavits relating to his ascent of Mount McKinley.

HURL BOMB AT JAP STORE

Foes of Yellow Race Show Hostility in California Town.

Eureka, Cal., Oct. 25.—A bomb was exploded yesterday in front of a Japanese art store. The glass front was blown in by the explosion and the interior of the store was wrecked. Nobody was hurt.

The store had been in operation only three days, and it was the first Oriental store to be established in Eureka since the exclusion of Chinese from Humboldt county in 1887. It is believed that some one opposed to the invasion of the Eureka business field by Japanese is responsible for the explosion.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

THE STORY OF A CHEERFUL BOOK

In these days, when the fame of a popular novel passes, almost "while you wait," it is unusual for a book of fiction to be read and remembered for so long a time as eight years, but this has been the well-deserved honor conferred upon Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. It was eight years ago when the unassuming little volume was issued from the sedate press of the Century company, without preliminary fireworks in the way of advertising, or any great expectations on the part of the publishers.

To begin with, as a sort of "flyer," they printed 2,000 copies of Mrs. Wiggs and then waited to see what would happen. What happened has become book-world history. Mrs. Wiggs proved to be such good company that it seemed impossible for readers to get enough of her society. The tentative 2,000 was sold within a month and another 2,000 printed, then another, and at the end of six months the presses were turning out 10,000 a month, which later rose to 40,000 a month, and so the tale went on and on until 43 editions had been printed, and now, after eight years, 500 a month are printed and sold.

This phenomenal record simply goes to show that clean thought, kindly philosophy and homely humor are, in reality, what people like best, and that pictures of real life, no matter how plain, only so it is wholesome, have the strongest hold.

It is a great thing to have written a book which has contributed to the happiness of a nation, and this is what Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the creator of Mrs. Wiggs has done. She was Miss Alice Hegan—the Hegan pronounced with the accent on the last syllable—when the story of the lady of the cabbage patch was written. Her people are Kentuckians and Louisville has always been her home. About six years ago she married Cale Young Rice, poet and dramatist, who is also a Kentuckian, and a man of scholarly tastes and temperament. In their home, he and Mrs. Rice have adjoining studies, where they work out their different methods of literary expression.

In The Book News Monthly for October, Margaret W. Vandercook, in writing of Mrs. Rice, her personality and her work, says: "Mrs. Rice's impulse toward writing began when she was a small girl, in the days of

MRS. ALICE HEGAN RICE.

school compositions, and always the desire has urged her, never any pressure of financial necessity.

Half a dozen women in Louisville, in a wave of ambition, and later it proved of talent, formed a little club among themselves, which somehow was anointed with the name of "Authors' Club." They were not of a size to warrant the title of authors at the start, but the name was a prophecy. Today nearly all of them are well-known writers, and the club has grown larger. At the "Authors' Club," Mrs. Wiggs made her debut. Of course, the book was appreciated, and Alice Hegan sent it away amid the enthusiasm of her friends. We never can fully know or appreciate the degree of creative genius till it throws its own perspective, and Alice Hegan's friends did not then know that Mrs. Wiggs was to become one of the really great books of American humor, and to establish its own especial place in literature. The book is great because it embodies Mrs. Rice's own philosophy of life, an inherent optimism, a true and beautiful humor, with the most splendid courage. I don't think we appreciate Mrs. Wiggs because she is funny—though funny she is, and the picture of her crepe veil with the red rose pinned to it is eternal—but we appreciate her because she has a splendid courage.

Some one asked Mrs. Rice at her own home how many hours a day she worked, and she looked surprised. "Why," she said, "I don't work any certain number of hours; I can't write that way; when I am in the midst of a thing I may work a long time over it, and then I may rest for a long while. I am afraid I haven't very good literary habits." I don't know whether you would call Mrs. Rice literary, though of course she cares for books, but she has a stronger feeling for people and for life.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

MONDAY

Whether appreciated or not, we will yet try to be gracious; we are here not to get, but to give.

TUESDAY

Out of the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height, if we will but see and follow it.

WEDNESDAY

Believe what you choose about life and death, only let your belief be without fear and one that brings happiness. There never is one window closed but that in some way, another is opened.

THURSDAY

There is no grief or trouble that is without an end. It is we who prolong them by being sorry for ourselves too long.

FRIDAY

Thank God for the dear ones safe today.

SATURDAY

A song in your heart will sustain you longer than a sob. The heart makes its own climate. You can wake up gloomy and carry a November's fog through a June day, if you will, or you may carry June into January.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Get into the habit of saying "good morning," every morning, whether you feel like it or not.

Every unkind word and thought invariably travels with a return ticket.

Hope for the best and you are likely to get it. At all events you will have had the comfort of being hopeful.

Mourn not for the happiness that is past, rather be glad that you have had it.

Unfailing good nature is a strong weapon with which to face the world. The chances are that you will need no other.

Anger is like a contagious disease. You can both take and give it.

If you are too much interested in yourself you will not be interesting to others.

It is better to believe too much than never to believe at all.

A tender "good night," to those we love, is a benediction to the day we began with "good morning."

MARY ELLEN TOLD ME

Elizabeth Ayres

MARY ELLEN'S corner of the restaurant was as warm as summer, though the air outside was a sample of winter, letting it be known what might soon be expected in the way of weather. The first cold day when the fall is waning, is always a matter of comment, and, as the preceding night had been unusually sharp, it was in the natural order of things for Mary Ellen to say in greeting, "Are you most frozen?"

"My, but it was awful cold last night," she went on, "are you most frozen?" she again asked, solicitously.

I assured her I was not even approaching a congealed condition, in spite of the wintry atmosphere, but mentioned the fact that heavy gloves were becoming a necessity.

"Of course there'd be some cause to make you spend your money," Mary Ellen remarked, pessimistically.

I suspicioned, from her tone, that she was having a "spell," and that, for the moment, the world did not look rose colored to Mary Ellen. I glanced at her face to confirm my suspicion.

Now, when Mary Ellen feels gloomy, she raises her brows and wears wrinkles across her forehead. The uplifted brows and wrinkles were there and so I tried to be cheerful.

"Thank goodness," I said, "I don't have to spend money for a new winter coat."

"You ought to thank goodness you have some money to spend," returned Mary Ellen over her shoulder, departing to fill my order for luncheon.

After she had returned and had arranged the table to her satisfaction—Mary Ellen is very particular about her tables—I knew from her lingering manner that she wanted to talk, and I was more than willing to have her.

"How is your father?" I asked, to start her going.

"Thomas don't like the cold," she returned, smiling a shadowy sort of a smile. "He says it's a lamentable day. He said this morning that he slept cold all night and I asked him before he went to bed if he wanted more comforts, but he said no. He did. And this morning when I came down stairs he was in the kitchen and he said he slept cold all night, and that after I'd asked him if he didn't want more comforts! I did."

Mary Ellen's voice showed that she felt injured.

"He had on a thick woolen shirt," she continued, "and a white comforter around his neck, and a big Irish coat over it all, and there he sat with his feet in the oven. He did."

Mary Ellen's tone was still that of one who has a grievance and I knew that the worst had not yet been told. It was certainly a gray day for Mary Ellen. One could see that by the wrinkles she wore on her forehead. She understands that I am always interested in her affairs, and presently she remarked, "You know the old lady that lives with us? Well, you ought to have heard her complain about the cold this morning. She went on something awful. 'Did you ever hear the likes of that?" I says to my father. 'I never did,' he says. I don't mind any kind of weather; I have to be out in it all," said Mary Ellen.

Not yet had the cause of her grievance developed, but she was sure to explain it when she was ready.

"I've fixed up my parlor real nice," she told me, "and put in a little gas stove to make it warm. It's awful nice and comfortable. Do you think my father will sit there? He will not. He sits in the kitchen with his feet in the oven, and when I ask him why, he says, 'I think long when I sit in the parlor. I think long,' he says."

Mary Ellen was silent again while she busied herself piling dishes on a tray and getting them ready to take to the kitchen. She partly lifted the tray, but changed her mind and set it down again. She came close to my chair. "My heart's just broken," she burst out. "My heart's just broken!"

At last she had come to the point where she wanted to explain the cause of her depression.

"What is wrong, Mary Ellen?" I asked.

"I want to have the screen at my front door taken down. The door opens into the old lady's room and she wants it left up. She says it'll help to keep out the cold and snow, and my father sides in with her. I can't do what I please in my own house. My heart's just broken. It is."

Mary Ellen seemed on the verge of tears, and beyond being comforted.

"I'm just mad," she declared. I'm going to do what I please. I don't care for anybody. I don't."

Her voice was one of tragedy and she spoke as if the end of all things had come.

"Mary Ellen," I said, "you know you don't mean that."

"I do," she insisted.

"Mary Ellen," I persisted, "you know you'll feel differently tomorrow. You know you'll let that screen door stay where it is if it will please your father and the old lady."

"I will not," she flung back, speaking with a firmness that would have led one who did not know her to believe that her decision was iron-clad and final.

She seized the tray of dishes and hurried away with it to the kitchen, the quick tap of her heels on the tile floor rapping out her irritation. She returned in a few moments a little less rebellious in manner and with her face less shadowed. Mary Ellen was clearing up.

"I'm going to buy my father a big pair of fur gloves this winter. His hands get so awful cold," she confided.

"How about the screen door?" I questioned.

Mary Ellen smiled.

THE POETS' CORNER

JOHN BURNS, OF GETTYSBURG

BY BRET HARTE.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown,
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three.
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered mine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought
It turned the milk that fell,
In a babbling flood
Into the milk pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long tailed kine.
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.
And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double base,
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round-shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest,
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, size of a dollar,
With tails that the country folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,
Clerks that the home guard mustered in,
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat? Put her through.
Your head's level, and bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he sat on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked.
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men
Saw in the antique vestments and long white hair,
The past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflame of war.
So raged the battle, you know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns:
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather?

THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK

Author Unknown.

I was sitting by my window yesterday morning,
Without a thought of sorrow or of care,
And I saw the postman coming up the pathway,
With such a happy face and jaunty air;
He rang the bell and whistled as he waited,
And then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack,"
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
As he handed me the "letter edged in black."

CHORUS.

Oh, I heard the postman whistling yesterday morning,
Coming up the pathway with his pack;
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
As he handed me the letter edged in black.

With trembling hands I took the letter from him,
And broke the seal and this is what it said:
"Come home, my boy, your poor old father wants you,
Come home my boy your mother dear is dead.
Your mother's words, the last she ever uttered
Were: 'Tell my boy I want him to come back.'
My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is breaking
As I'm writing you this letter edged in black."

My heart is filled with sorrow and with sadness,
The sunshine of my life, it all has fled,
Since the postman brought the letter yesterday morning,
Saying, "Come home, my boy, your poor old mother's dead."
Oh it said "forget that angry words were spoken.
You know I never meant them don't you Jack?
May the angels bear me witness that I'm asking,
Forgiveness in this letter edged in black."

UNCLE NED

By Stephen C. Foster.

There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on the top of his head,
In the place where the wool ought to grow.

CHORUS.

Then lay down the shovel and the hoe,
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
For there's no more work for poor old Ned;
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long as the cane in the brake,
And he had no eyes for to see,
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoecake,
So he had to let the hoecake be.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died;
Massa's tears they fell like rain,
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
He'd never see his like again.

WATCH OF THE SHEPHERDS

By Tate and Brady.

While shepherds watched their flocks night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," he said, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their cheerful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

THE LOVE KNOT

Author Unknown.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in,
But not alone in her silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still,
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind! Do you think it fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair,
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Author Unknown.

The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay!
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay!
I looked down to bonnie Loch Leven,
And heard three bonnie pipers play.
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

The great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes his cannon loudly roar.
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

The Campbells, they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show.
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

In this song the chorus, or first stanza is to be sung before and after each verse.

POEMS REQUESTED

We Parted as the Sun Went Down
In Dear Old Illinois, The Laurel and the Rose, and My Creole Sue are the titles of some poems asked for.

A song entitled Just Plain Folks wanted. Two lines are:

To a mansion in the city
Came a couple old and gray.

We have a request for the old school song of which the following is a part:

Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way.

A prize poem, written by Miss Dorr and published in a Vermont paper in 1864, is much wanted by one of our long-time subscribers.

The Switchman's Story is wanted. The first lines are:

You ask me to tell you a story,
A story of life on the rail.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A TRAVEL LETTER

I will venture once more to join your happy circle, and tell you how I spent the past year, or a part of it, traveling on my wedding trip. I was a widow and married a widower. We each have a large family of children scattered about the country, so we went to visit them all. I had moved to the south several years ago. My present husband is a Minnesota man. We were married in Missouri, where I have three children. Then we went to Minnesota, where my husband has six children. Then to North Dakota, where he has two children and other relatives, and I have a daughter. From there we went to Wyoming, where I have a son, and with him as guide we went through the wonderful Yellowstone Park.

Describe it? Yes; but it will require more than one letter to do it. No one who has always lived in a rainy country can realize how a country looks where it never rains in summer and crops are produced by irrigation, and can only be raised in the valleys. But the park—it lies very high and is surrounded and watered by snow peaks that melt and run down the mountains. We went into the park at the east entrance, and, after registering at the office, just inside the gate, we proceeded to climb. The road is the best that can be made anywhere. The ascent is gradual for six miles over a road just wide enough for a single team to travel. There are "turn-outs" about every half mile, and the road is so crooked that it was necessary for a man to go ahead on horseback to sidetrack any teams that might be coming toward us. You can look down, and there is only about 18 inches' margin between the outside wheel and a perpendicular wall, thousands of feet in height.

After going six miles on this "shelf," we reached Sylvan Pass, at an altitude of 9,000 feet, and still we could look aloft at the rocks and heights that towered above us. The young folks of the party got out and had a snowballing match. This was the last day of July.

A few miles farther on we came to Sylvan Lake and camped for the night. The park can be entered on all four sides, and it is a drive of about 150 miles around it. The road is perfect, being a smooth, military road, or turnpike that touches all points of interest, each of which is labeled, so one knows just what one is looking at. I will write again and take you with me through the park and give you a faithful description of its wonders. I took notes of the trip and can easily write of the wonderful sights.—Fern Leaf.

Besure to keep your promise. We always welcome something different in the way of letters.—Editor.

SMOKED APPLES

I enjoy reading your letters and it is a pleasure to me to sit down and write to you. I think you are all so kind, and I want to give you my recipe for putting away apples, so that if you wish you may have green apples to cook all the year.

Peel and core them as if they were to be cooked, then put them in a basket. Have a receptacle of some sort that will hold a shovelful of fire coals. Place this in a barrel. Put three tablespoonfuls of sulphur on the coals, then swing the basket in the barrel and cover it. Let the apples smoke half a day, then pack them in a jar and tie up with paper. They will keep a year if you wish them to. I have smoked 26 gallons and want to smoke more. I will close, wishing you all good luck and happiness.—Gale.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS

I have been interested in the M. G. R. discussion regarding ideal husbands and wives, and I am moved to say, don't expect to get what you would like. To the men, permit me to remark, the girl you courted will be the same when she is your wife, if you treat her the same. Half the women in this world are longing for the love of their husbands. Men, what would you do if your sweetheart got a little blue? You would not put off to the barn and leave her in tears, you would put your arms around her, say a few loving words and her tears would disappear. It would be the same thing with your wife. You often brought your sweetheart a gift. Why not, when you go to town, take a little something home to your wife to let her know you thought of her while you were smoking a few cigars for your own pleasure.

Don't expect to come home to a nice supper and a smiling face after your wife has been hard at work all day, and not give her some reward. Don't let your love grow cold, if you do, you need not expect your wife to always be as she was before you married her. If you neglect her and spend your money on others, she will look for pleasure elsewhere than with her husband.—A Wife.

HOME-MADE COAT HANGER

If any of you need a coat hanger, take a section of barrel hoop, a little longer than will reach from shoulder to shoulder of the garment. Make a casing of silesia or cretonne, pad the hoop with soft muslin or sheet wadding, and slip the casing over it, tacking a loop of strong tape exactly in the center for a hanger. When you take off your jacket or heavy waist, slip this hanger into the arm holes and hang all up together. If the belt of the dress skirt is hooked as it is when worn, it can be slipped on the hanger, then the waist or jacket hung over it without the hanger ends being put in the arm holes, thus two garments may be hung in the space usually occupied by one. The hanger is so inexpensive that I have one for every heavy upper garment.—Mrs. Charles Belden.

INQUIRY

A recipe for pickling beef is wanted, also one for making mince meat and mince pies. Prompt responses to these inquiries are much appreciated by your editor. She isn't much of a cook herself and needs to be informed in these matters.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Judging from the increased number of letters coming to the Corner the crops must be in and pickling and canning time about over. Isn't it a sort of a "comfy" feeling to think of the good things in the cellar and on the pantry shelves?

In writing a first letter to the Corner, please say something worth while to begin with. Don't waste time and postage by telling what you will write in the future if your letter, which may contain nothing in particular, is printed. Don't beat around the bush. Come straight from the shoulder. If you have anything to say or tell, say and tell it.

P. S.—This is not a scolding. I just want you to put your best foot forward when you start.

Our recently received letters are from Bunk, May, H. E. R., Mrs. P. E. Beekman, Ina from Southern Ohio, Mrs. B. E. L., Ranch Lassie, Mrs. Susie Brooks and Lovey.

JUST BY THE WAY

I know a woman who idealizes her friends. Idealize is a much used and abused word, but in this case it fits better than any other. She has been doing this all of her life, though it was only recently that she found herself out. She told of it in a sort of wondering way, as if she had made a remarkable discovery.

"Always," she said, " to me, my friends and the people I like, have been what I want them to be, rather than what they really are; that is, I invest them with the highest and noblest qualities, and, while I am not blind to their faults, their best is always in excess of their worst. It does not seem to matter what they do, the mental picture I have made of them is indelible. It is painted in colors that won't come off. One of my friends I have held for years as a queen among women. She is superlative in everything, and, in my eyes, she can do no wrong. She says I am positively irritating, because I will not get mad, but it is impossible, since I cannot believe she would intentionally do anything to hurt me."

"Don't the pictures you make ever get blotted or blurred by their originals?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "but it takes a long time before I see the blemishes."

"And when you discover the flaws—what then?" I inquired.

"Why," she returned, "the discovery sometimes made me unhappy until I found it was I who had been creating superlative images and expecting them to live up to my great expectations. Really," she said, "there's no one to blame but myself when I am disappointed."

"And now that you know your habit of idealizing, are you going to keep on with it?" I asked her.

"Why, of course," she answered, laughing. "Probably I couldn't break myself of it if I wanted to. Anyway," she said, "life is largely colored by the view we take of it, and one is far happier in believing the best instead of the worst, to my way of thinking."

It does no good to fret and whimper and complain when things do not go to suit us. Probably this is not a piece of startling information, but it is one of the things we have to say over and over, and to have said to us frequently, in order to preserve the equanimity of spirit necessary to cheerful living.

We "fash" ourselves needlessly so many times, and fuss and worry about trifles which amount to nothing save in our own imaginations, and after they are gone, if we remember them at all, we wonder why we allowed ourselves to be disturbed by irritations that were so fleeting.

It is a misfortune to take things too seriously. "Not life, nor love, nor even ourselves." The easy-going ones, those who can take things as they come, have the best of it. To be able to face life with a certain gay philosophy, helps to take the sting out of the hard things and adds zest to those which make happiness.

There is one thing the woman who thinks she is disappointed in her husband should take into consideration, and that is the fact that he may be equally disappointed in her. When the sweetheart becomes the wife, she sometimes changes into an entirely different person and displays little ways and little tempers which did not appear during the courtship days.

In marriages that are failures, the distaff side of the house cannot always be held blameless, though it is the common custom to hold the man most guilty, but it occasionally happens that instead of being blamed he should be pitied. Judging from observation, the chief end and aim of the average American husband is to "hustle" for his wife and children and to protect them against want with a life insurance policy when his days are ended.

Men are not angels, neither are women, and in marriage it is as much the part of the wife as it is of the husband to change her gait if need be, in order to travel in step when in double harness. There would be fewer marriages declared failures if both men and women would make half the effort to be attractive, amiable and considerate after marriage that they did before.

It matters more what you think of yourself in your innermost heart than what others may think of you. They see the outside only.

Have charity, have charity of thought for everyone. You may need it yourself some day.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the god you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Readers of the M. G. R.: I see a great many school teachers avail themselves of the opportunity of "airing" their views through these columns, and as I am, and have been, following this vocation for some years, I beg permission to enter your circle.

My home is on the plateau of Virginia, near the top of the Blue Ridge. This part of Virginia is very hilly, yet very productive. Vegetables grow to perfection, and all the cereals do well. We have immense forests of pine, poplar, oak, walnut, hickory, chestnut, and this is one place where the chickapin grows, and as schools begin the 18th inst., we teachers will be likely to hear the crack of nuts, and it will not be the "merry red squirrel," either.

Did someone say sit down and let another have a say? Well, I will presently, but I remember reading a piece of advice once in which the writer said: "If you have a piece to say, say it, and when you are through sit down." Before I leave the floor I would like to say something on the subject proposed by "Lurlee": "Shall women vote?" and Miss Prudence sanctions a short discussion of same.

Well, I hardly know how to begin on a subject like this, as I am very fond of the gentle sex, and the saying is, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." However, I promised you I would "air" some of my views, and shall if you will permit me, take the negative side of the question, "Shall women vote?" I hardly know just what the intention of the question is. If it read, "Should or ought women to vote?" I would unhesitatingly say no; but there is, I am aware, a large number of women agitating this question of suffrage for women, and it would seem from the trend of their speeches and writings that women shall vote; but on the other hand there are millions and millions of women who, though fully aware of the agitation, are really against such a move, and were they called upon to cast their influence in the matter would say no. What motherly, homemaking woman is there that is interested in the ballot? Are they not satisfied that their husbands, sons and brothers run the political part of the country's affairs, as in days of yore?

While I am not a prophet, nor the son of one, I venture to say that women "shall not vote," for I am sure by far the larger majority of them who have reached the marriageable age are too busy making home pleasant for "hubby" and family to give woman suffrage much, if any, consideration, and I am sure in this case, as in all others, the majority will rule. —Backwoodsan.

Who will have a word to say in reply to this? So far the men have held the floor in this discussion. Everyone has a right to an opinion and its expression.—Miss Prudence.

I will come in for a little chat with the M. G. R.'s this pleasant afternoon and tell something of my native state, "Old Dominion," as it is styled. The farmers raise corn and buckwheat in very large quantities. The average yield of corn being about four to five barrels per acre, while the buckwheat yields from 23 to 25 bushels per acre. Cabbage is raised on almost every farm in large lots.

We have a healthful climate. The summers are long and hot, but not oppressive, and the winters are not severe. We live about 20 miles from a railroad, but it is thought that there will be one through this country at an early date as there are many efforts being made to secure one. I will not make my letter too long for fear of the waste basket.—J. Walter Worrell.

Well, M. G. R.'s, perhaps you think I am dead as I have not written to you for a long time, but I have been reading all of the letters. Today I saw one from a Pennsylvania girl, and thought we might not be far apart. I live along the foot of Tussey mountain, where the Raystown branch of the Juanita river passes, also where one of the greatest battles was fought between the Indians and the white people. Perhaps I may tell you more about this battle some other time.

I think I am the oldest man in the M. G. R., but I am not too old to do good or receive it, and I get a great deal of good from this paper. I should like to meet every one of you and have a hand shake. I think you are a jolly lot of folks and I wonder if Miss Prudence has a list of all her M. G. R. members. I think it would take quite a while to count them. The church bells are ringing and I must go.—A Coal Miner.

Dear M. G. R.'s, may I once more enter your circle? I love to read and have read several books. I like religious books best. I am a member of the Baptist church and I love to go to Sunday school. My sister and I went to a Sunday school union the fifth Sunday in August. We marched from the church up the mountains about half a mile, and back to the church. There were 305 in the march. I enjoyed myself very much.

Iola's Sweetheart, I liked your letter. Like many of the M. G. R. members I am an orphan. My mother has been dead seven long years. I have seen many lonely hours. I will close with this verse:

True friends can never alter,
True friendships never die;
The false alone can falter,
The false alone can fly.

With best wishes to the M. G. R.'s—Effie.

At last I have found courage to write a letter. I am a girl 16 years old and live in the old North State, among the foot hills of the Appalachian mountains. The scenery here is very beautiful. We have the Blue Ridge on the east, the Black mountains on the west and Mt. Mitchell (which is 6,711 feet high), is south of us, and there are foot hills in every direction, with numerous springs of fresh water bursting from them and forming pretty, clear brooks. I know you all would enjoy a trip to the Black mountains. You would see great numbers of pretty balsam trees and enormous cliffs of rock with water pouring over them. The ground is covered with an evergreen plant called galex, which is green in summer and a brownish red in winter. When you reach the summit of the mountains you can see the surrounding country for miles.

My father has taken The Blade for a number of years and I have read the M. G. R. column, so I am acquainted with you all, and am interested in many of your letters. I read the other day that all you had to do to be a member of the circle was to write a letter, so I hope I am one of you now. With best wishes to all, I am.—North Carolina Girl.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

We are receiving quite a number of letters concerning the suffrage question. So far, most of them have been written by men. What's the answer?

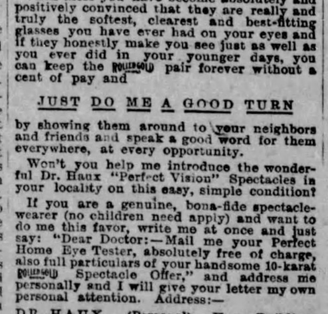
One of our letter writers wants to know if Miss Prudence is really a woman. Yes'm, she "really" is.

We are frequently asked about M. G. R. badges. The answer is this: The supply was sold some time ago, and there will not be any more. However, Olive Branch has made a badge suggestion which will be published next week.

We are pleased to have letters from Luther, the West Virginian, Diamond Doctor, The Artist, Annie Laurie, Buckeye Bill M. Kent, Leonie, Hat, Gadabout, Miss Ouri and Rozzielle Johnson.

Buckwheat Cakes in Country Style.

Put to soak for five or six hours a yeast cake in a cupful of water. At bedtime make a batter of a quart of lukewarm water, the melted yeast, a pinch of salt and buckwheat flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. Let stand over night in a warm place, and in the morning thin to frying consistency with hot water, adding a teaspoonful of soda and a tablespoonful of black molasses. Fry brown but not crisp and keep covered while waiting to be eaten.



DON'T SEND ME ONE CENT

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the pair forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat gold Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE.—The Above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World, and Perfectly Reliable.

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

For Rheumatic Pains

As we get older the blood becomes sluggish, the muscles and joints stiffen and aches and pains take hold easier. Sloan's Liniment quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops any pain or ache with astonishing promptness.

Proof that it is Best for Rheumatism.

Mrs. DANIEL H. DIEHL, of Mann's Choice, R.F.D., No. 1, Pa., writes:—"Please send me a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for rheumatism and stiff joints. It is the best remedy I ever knew for I can't do without it."

Also for Stiff Joints.

Mr. MILTON WHEELER, 2100 Morris Ave., Birmingham, Ala., writes:—"I am glad to say that Sloan's Liniment has done me more good for stiff joints than anything I have ever tried."

Sloan's Liniment

is the quickest and best remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and Insect Stings.

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 at All Dealers.

Send for Sloan's Free Book on Horses. Address

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.

Try Eleda Whiskey and Save Dealers' Profits

We offer you this choicest product in all its original purity and wholesomeness at a less price than you pay for inferior whiskey.

ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY

Mellow in Flavor and Absolutely Pure

4 FULL QUARTS $3.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

The Best Whiskey in All the World and Only 75c a Full Quart.

OUR OFFER: Send us $3.00 and we will ship in a plain case by express prepaid (no marks), FOUR FULL QUARTS of Eleda Private Stock Whiskey. Try it—have your friends sample it—put it to any test, and if you don't find it perfectly satisfactory in every way ship it back at our expense and your $3.00 will be returned by next mail. The risk is ours—the expense ours even for the whiskey you sample—if we fail to please you. Send a trial order NOW before you forget it, and get the finest whiskey you ever tasted. Orders for Ark., Cal., Colo., Fla., Idaho, La., Mass., Minn., Mont., Nev., N. Mex., N. D., Okla., Ore., R. I., Tex., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must call for 20 quarts or more by freight prepaid.

MORRIS FORST COMPANY

204 SMITHFIELD ST., PITTSBURG, PA.

OUR REFERENCES—Any Bank or Express Company in Pittsburg.

Winter Coming and FURS will soon be prime. Make up your mind at once to sell in the raw market. Send for Price List and forecast to

M. F. Pfaelzer & Co.,
6 E. 12th St. (Desk 8), N. Y.

What is Dangerous

...naughtly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, ...ding wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor.

...me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.

...to what my treatment has done for others: ...Dr. L. Reynolds, Box 114, Lehigh, Webster Co., Iowa, ...Man, I commenced your treatment I weighed 285 pounds, ...ged 165 pounds, and never felt better in my life." ...D.S. Smith, Rox 54, Abbott, Me., writes: "I have lost 51 ...by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and short-...ath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease." ...Wilson, Box 78, Franklin, Tenn., writes: "I have ...ed 108 by your treatment and I feel like a new person." ...ld fill every page of this journal with testi-...from grateful patients.

...dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and em-...ng to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart, ...ungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, ...t becomes difficult and the end comes in ...FAILURE and sudden death. You can ...urself from these DANGERS

...to prove to you that **FREE** ...will positively reduce ...rmal and no matter where ...e fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, ...s quickly and safely be reduced without exer-...cising. Your figure will be beautified; ...ness and wrinkles disappear. Rheu-...ms, shortness of breath, kidney and heart ...ase as the fat goes away. I will send you ...t cent's expense on your part, my PROOF ...ENT FREE. It reduces fat at the rate of a ...day and does it safely and permanently. ...t miss this offer. MY PROOF ...MENT is FREE. It will make you feel ...ppy. I will also send you Free my new ...of advice, together with testimonials from ...well known people. Write to-day.

...RADFORD, M.D., 20 E. 22d St. (A 84, New York ...rmer physician by the State of New York.)

SIDETRACK CROWN PRINCE

Army Officers Want Constantine to Renounce Throne.

...ens, Oct. 23.—The extreme sec-...of the military league, fearing ...should Crown Prince Constan-...succeed to the throne of Greece ...uld be revenged on them for his ...t humiliations, now demands his ...ciation of the rights of succes-...in favor of his infant son. It is ...likely that this agitation will ...about a dynastic crisis. The in-...son of Constantine is Prince ..., who was born December 14, ...

NEW POLICY FOR SPAIN

Cortes Orders Will Be Brought Under the Law.

...drid, Oct. 23.—The cabinet was ...ston for four hours last night, ...llowing its adjournment an offi-...communication was issued an-...ing that the cabinet proposed to ...a policy of pacification and ... It is understood that among ...ecific decisions arrived at was ...submit the religious orders en-...in industries to the operations ...common law.

CZAR BRITISH CATSPAW

Urges Italy to Join the Alliance Against German Nations.

Paris, Oct. 23.—It is confidently believed that the meeting between the czar of Russia and the king of Italy will result in bringing Italy closer to the English-Russian-French alliance.

That the isolation of Germany and Austria from the rest of Europe is a virtual certainty is the opinion of most political students.

Since England's fear of Germany was aroused her king and statesmen have succeeded in forming a virtual triple alliance with France and Russia.

It now seems to be their purpose to draw Italy away from the old "Triple Alliance" of Germany, Austria and Italy, and thus leave the two Germanic nations standing alone politically.

If this is consummated it will be a great boon to France, but it is recognized that Germany, fearing her influence will be crippled, may seize the first possible opportunity to make a fight for her national existence.

GETS HEARTY WELCOME TO ITALIAN COUNTRY

Racconigi, Italy, Oct. 23.—Nicholas, emperor of all the Russias, made a triumphant entry into Italy today. Whatever may have stirred beneath the surface, the manifestation was a cordial and popular welcome to the head of a friendly state. Threatened demonstrations of ill will had been sternly suppressed, but the day's rejoicing was spontaneous and genuine.

From early dawn, the scene in this city was animated, as crowds gathered in the streets anticipating the arrival of the imperial visitor. The strict measures to preserve order adopted by the police and military did not serve to dampen the ardor of the populace. The whole city had been decorated with flags and bunting, while the householders along the route to the palace had spread carpets before their doors and filled their windows with brocades and bright-colored streamers. Triumphal arches stretched across the path traversed by his majesty.

This morning the mayor issued a manifesto exhorting the citizens to give the emperor a reception that would show their appreciation of the great event and express Italian gratitude for the aid the Russian sailors gave at the time of the earthquake in southern Italy. The manifesto concluded with this address to the emperor:

"This reception to your majesty expresses onr sentiments and appreciation for your presence within our walls. This occasion would be memorable as again attracting the attention of the whole civilized world to Racconigi."

From the moment the imperial party entered Italy through the famous Mont Cenis tunnel at Modane, until it reached the royal castle, it was attended by an extraordinary military guard. Not an inch of the tunnel but was examined, and it was lined with soldiers who could almost touch hands. Every station on the railroad line was occupied by the military, and each coach of the trains on the line leading to Racconigi carried a police guard who made periodical visits among the passengers, and even searching them whenever the least suspicion was aroused. It was an uncomfortable morning for the passengers to enter Italy by way of Modane.

On the Italian frontier the emperor was met by a special commission of generals sent by King Victor Emmanuel, and by Adjutant General Prince Dolgorouki, Russian ambassador to Italy, and the staff of the Russian embassy.

At the appearance of the emperor's train the troops drawn up beside the track presented arms and their bands played the Russian national anthem. Throughout the Mont Cenis railway line the progress of the emperor had the character of a triumphal march. The troops prevented crowds from the villages that lined the route approaching the railroad, but this restriction served only to stimulate the curiosity of the people, who gathered at the rear of the soldiers, climbed into tree tops or upon the cliffs, wherever a view of the passing train was to be had. An immense crowd gathered in the Piedmont region, and, as the train passed, waved their hats and handkerchiefs, shouting "long live Russia," and "long live the emperor." At Bussoleno and some of the other villages the officers of the municipality, headed by the mayor and the band and carrying banners, gathered at the railroad station to pay their respects to the Russian guest. Although the train did not stop at these places the people cheered loudly and women threw bouquets of flowers over the heads of the soldiers and against the train as it swept past.

At the station Emperor Nicholas was met by King Victor Emmanuel, Premier Giolitti, Foreign Minister Tittoni, Mayor Nathan, of Rome, members of the court, staff officers and government dignitaries. These had driven to the station in brightly bedecked carriages with outriders and escorted by cuirassiers. King Victor Emmanuel wore the full uniform of a general with the collar of the Order of Annunziata. Also as near the station as they had been allowed to come, were thousands of persons who cheered loudly as their majesties met. With the troops and such persons from neighboring districts as had satisfied the police of their right to be present, the population of Racconigi rose today from 9,000 to over 20,000.

Emperor Nicholas appeared in excellent health and the best of humor as he stepped from the train, which had drawn into the station five minutes ahead of its schedule. His coach had been decorated with the Italian and Russian colors. King Victor Emmanuel stepped toward the imperial carriage as the emperor descended to the platform. The sovereigns embraced and kissed each other on both cheeks. At the moment the Italian troops presented arms, cannon belched forth a salute, the bands struck up the Russian national anthem and the crowd cheered.

Accompanied by the king the emperor reviewed a company of infantry inside the station. Here the ministers and other government dignitaries were presented to his majesty, following which ceremony, the sovereigns emerged from the station and entered a carriage. As the people outside caught sight of the king and his imperial guest the cheering was renewed and continued as their majesties drove away.

TYPHOON IN PHILIPPINES

News Just Reaches Manila of Disastrous Storm That Has Swept the Islands.

Manila, Oct. 20.—A typhoon of unusual severity swept across Northern and Central Luzon on Sunday night. Wire communication with all points beyond Dagupan and Luzon was cut off and details are lacking. One message brought to Dagupan from San Fabian, says that the loss of life was considerable and the damage to property heavy. Torrential rains accompanied the storm and an extensive area was flooded. The railroad bed was washed out at several points and one railway station was swept away.

The famous Benguet road, extending 59 miles from Dagupan to Baguio, where the government has established a summer capital and health resort, has been so damaged that probably $250,000 will be required for its repair. It is reported that two suspension bridges over gorges have been carried away. No reports have yet been received from the provinces of Union and Ilocos, which were in the path of the storm. There is no information upon which to base an estimate of the possible loss of life.

Chinese Coast Is Struck.

Hong Kong, Oct. 20.—Many casualties attended a typhoon that played havoc with the native shipping and damaged other vessels at various points on the coast during the night. At this port the Standard Oil steamer Lyndhurst fouled the Japanese steamer Hong Kong Maru, and both were damaged. At Macao the Portuguese gunboat Patria was lifted from its moorings and carried up the Canton river, where it stranded on a flooded rice field.

JUST JAPAN'S LAKE

That's What Pacific Is, Says Lewis Nixon.

New York, Oct. 23.—"Free ships will not help us," said Lewis Nixon last night, himself a prominent ship builder, while addressing a meeting of piano manufacturers gathered to press upon congress the urgent national need for a rehabilitated merchant marine. "Subsidies will be found a failure, as will postal subventions, if they are not accompanied by something more. What we want is to cause a demand for American ships to carry American freight. And this can be done only by going back along the well blazed path of our forefathers."

Mr. Nixon analyzed the growth of American shipping up to 1815, and found the first worm of decay in the treaty of that year, renouncing the differential tonnage tax and the discriminating duties which, he said, had previously insured American bottoms against foreign competition.

"The difficulty is that whenever anybody mentions discrimination the archives at Washington open and some musty treaty appears which will give England just cause to be offended. In the same way we have turned the Pacific into a Japanese lake, and I am sure that the first ship to poke its nose into the Panama canal when it is completed will be under the Japanese flag."

Gives Life to Woman's Cause

Lady Cook, formerly Tonnessee Claflin, who arriving at New York from London, coming to aid the suffragettes, declared that she would provide $1,000,000 of her own fortune as a temporary fund to be used by the National Progressive Woman Suffrage Union.

"I have been working in the cause 40 years," she said, "and I want to make this campaign my crowning effort. I expect to introduce militantism here. Why, I am willing to die for the cause, if need be. The pink tea method will never work. We shall handle the politicians without gloves. We shall open headquarters in Washington in December and use the house of commons methods. And I am going to beard Taft."

TO SAVE ALL MANKIND

Present Generation to Fulfill Christ's Command.

Cleveland, Oct. 23.—"The evangelization of the world in the present generation"—these words bannered in immense letters over the speakers' platform constituted the one and only toast of perhaps the largest banquet ever held in the city of Cleveland, last night's convention dinner of Cleveland's three-day conference of the laymen's missionary movement. The banquet was held in the armory and 1,400 persons were seated at the tables.

"The vision came to me 20 years ago," declared J. Campbell White, New York, general secretary of the laymen's missionary movement. "It startled me, even as my words may startle you tonight. The evangelization of the world in this generation—startling, it is true, but not by any manner of means an impossibility.

"The world is not as large as it was yesterday. The nations live close to one another. God has brought mankind together—and for this purpose, that his word may be carried to the uttermost parts of the earth. He has made today, this present day, the appointed time for the consummation of his gospel, for the final evangelization of all races and all nations."

The object of the laymen's missionary movement is to promote the adoption by all churches and mission boards of a comprehensive plan for the preaching in the generation of the gospel of Jesus Christ to every human being.

The Cleveland convention is but one of 75 similar conventions to be held in as many cities of the United States. Cleveland is the second city; Buffalo, the first, having but closed its conference.

The campaign will culminate in a great laymen's missionary congress to be held in Chicago in May, 1910, at which congress commissioners from every city in the country will canvass the results accomplished and outline the movement's policy in the foreign fields.

CHURCH A SOCIAL FACTOR

It Should Strive to Banish Poverty, Says Cardinal.

Baltimore, Oct. 25.—"The purpose of the American today is not only to alleviate but to eliminate poverty. I believe in public spirit, and I admire the Americans for endeavoring to relieve suffering. Suffering, however, cannot be eliminated. As long as the social relations exist between human beings there will be poverty in the world."

Cardinal Gibbons spoke thus yesterday at Corpus Christi Catholic church.

"God intended inequality among mankind, and this inequality we will always have," continued the cardinal. "Christ's disciples were not men of potent influence or high social positions; they were without any prestige at all in the sight of men. But they were commanded by Christ to preach the gospel, to heal the broken hearts, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

"The religion of Christ is a practical religion, and bears a relation to social beings. Men were created for society, and no man is sufficient by himself. There should be the same harmonious relations between members of the social body, whether rich or poor, as between members of the physical body.

"I care not how rich a man is, I care not whether he be a Croesus, a John Jacob Astor, a John D. Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt, what will his wealth avail him if he has no friend to help him, no servant to minister to his wants, no one to stand by him, no one to give him solace in his sorrow? If they have no friend, I say, their wealth will avail them nothing."

VISITS HER OLD CELL

Lady Cook Once More Behind Bars.

New York, Oct. 23.—Standing on the steps of Ludlow street jail, where she was imprisoned 37 years ago for her activity in the cause of woman suffrage, Lady Frances Cook made a plea for equal rights to a crowd of half a hundred idlers, policemen and truck drivers.

Accompanied by Mrs. Sophia M. Loehinger and Miss Helen Murphy, Lady Frances was driven to the jail in a car driven by her nephew, Millard Fillmore Sparr. The party was armed with a pass, which they presented to Keeper Henry Casey, who, with a low bow, ushered the party into the gloomy prison. Her object, she said, was to once more visit the cells which she and her sister, Mrs. John B. Duff-Martin, occupied in 1872, 1873 and 1874 hen they were arrested for demanding in public that women share with men the right to vote.

With courtly air, Casey led the way. Lady Cook remembered the cell which was her home for two months in 1872, was No. 3, on the ground floor, and to it she was shown. She searched in vain for the spot on the wall where she, then Miss Tennessee Claflin, and her sister, then Victoria Claflin Woodhull, had scratched their names. The names had been painted out. The same story was told when she visited cell No. 11. On leaving the building Lady Frances found a crowd about her car. Stepping forward on the stoop she made her plea.

"I have come here today to visit the cell where I was imprisoned in 1872 for standing up for the rights of women," she said. "I still am fighting for those rights. Here my sister and I suffered, and as a result of our suffering women today enjoy a greater freedom than was theirs then."

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

ZELAYA'S MEN BEATEN

Rebels in Nicaragua Win Another Battle.

Bluefields, Oct. 25.—The tug Blanca, which has arrived here from Greytown, brings news of the most important battle of the revolution. Gen. Chamorro's forces fought an engagement with 1,000 of President Zelaya's troops at a point below Boca San Carlos, on the San Juan river. The revolutionists won a decisive victory, 100 of the government troops being killed and 300 wounded. Gen Chamorro's losses were slight. The insurgents captured two Krupp siege guns and 400 rifles.

This defeat for President Zelaya will doubtless have a deterrent effect on recruiting for the government service at Managua and is likely also to bring additional re-enforcements to the standard of the insurgents. Gen. Chamorro is advancing slowly.

The steamer Yulu, belonging to the Emery company, also has reached here with the details of the capture by the revolutionists of Cape Gracias A. Dios. This port was easily taken, not more than five or six men being killed and a small number wounded. This gives the revolutionists control of the entire Atlantic coast.

GREATEST OFFER YET

A GALLON STONE'S EXTRA PRIME WHISKEY $1.95 AS GOOD AS ANY $4.00 WHISKEY.....

Positively not more than 3 gallons at this price.

We make this great offer to get our whiskey introduced. Absolutely Pure, Rich and Mellow. Taste it, and if it is not the best whiskey you have ever had at double the price, send it back at our expense and your money will be returned by first mail. We do not ship C. O. D. or on credit.

Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., or any express company.

STONE MERCANTILE CO., 39 Stone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

TRIBES BELIEVE STORY OF COOK

Rasmusses Says All He Was Told Shows Pole Has Been Reached.

Copyright, 1909, by the New York Times.

Copenhagen, Oct. 21. — Mrs. Knud Rasmussen, wife of the Danish Arctic explorer, has received from her husband a report of his impressions of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, with a special request for its publication in the New York Times. The report, which is dated at Julianshaab, Greenland, Sept. 25, reads as follows:

"The last post from Denmark tells me that there has been some surprise among my countrymen that I, who was the only white man who saw Dr. Cook start and who was the only man with the real knowledge of the Eskimo language, who had been in contact with the Cape York Eskimos, have not sent any statement to civilization about my impressions of Dr. Cook's North Pole trip. I, therefore, now hasten to take this opportunity, which is afforded me by my accidental meeting with the steamer, to expedite the sending of my opinion to Denmark, an opinion which, in view of Peary's attacks, may be of value.

"I was on a voyage to Umanak Bay, North Greenland, when Dr. Cook passed Umanak, going south, on his way to Egedesminde, where he was going to wait for the Hans Egdge to take him to Copenhagen."

Asks Cook for Facts.

"As I, before my journey in the Godthaab to North Star bay, 20 miles north of the far cape York, would have an opportunity of meeting the Cape York Eskimos, I wrote just before I started from Hugssnak on July 13, a letter to Dr. Cook, the contents of which were as follows:

"'My heartiest congratulations on your happy North Pole journey. Your victory is the greatest in the history of Arctic exploration. It will bear its reward in itself, but great victories always bring envy to light and you will, on your return, have to reckon on a big fight with ever-ready doubters. I therefore mean to be of great help to you. When, during the summer, I am visiting the Polar Eskimos at Cape York I will get a thorough interview with your companions, if I happen to meet them.

"'In order to help me in making the interview as complete as possible, I ask you to give me a short resume of your journey before you leave Greenland, and I ask you to send this to Umanak by the Hans Egede on the 3d.'

Did Not Meet Cook's Eskimos.

"However, during my stay between Cape York and Kimo, I did not meet Dr. Cook's two companions, who at the time were about 100 miles north of North Star bay, and the information I could get from other Polar Eskimos was, therefore, only second hand. On my return to Umanak, where I met the Hans Egede, there was no reply to my letter to Cook.

"A few days later I met Cook at Egedesminde, just before he was leaving, and as I got the impression that he was going to take the doubters with a tone of superiority, which he had a perfect right to do, I thought a defense from me would be out of place and I preferred to keep quiet, but now, after the information which I have from the newspapers, which goes to September 9, I think the moment has come to speak. My report will be supplemented, when I arrive at Copenhagen at the beginning of November.

Absolute Proof Impossible.

"It is, of course, impossible for me to give absolute proofs that Cook, a single white man, with two Eskimos, has been to the pole. It must necessarily be more or less a matter of belief, as authorities can always maintain that a clever swindle, even if he has not reached the pole, may be very able to construct a series of observations and these together and in continuation of real observations, it would be impossible to prove to be falsifications, but in the same way as it is possible to condemn criminals on circumstantial evidence, there must always in such big complicated things as a North Pole journey, be a number of small points which, without constituting absolute proof, still, on the whole, will give a picture of fact that leaves out all doubt.

The Polar Eskimos are, of course, not able to determine whether Cook has only been on the way to the pole or if he has really reached the 90th degree, but through them we can get a lot of details, which, together, have a value, as for instance:

First—Start of the expedition and the route taken over the ice.

Second—How far the expedition went from land.

Third—Whether there was any special obstacles which hindered going further at the point Cook called the pole.

Fourth—The equipment of Cook and his two men at the start. That Cook was away from Anoratok from January or February, 1908, until the spring of 1909, is a fact.

The start from Anoratok took place according to the Eskimos, exactly at the time given by Cook. The expedition went over Illesmere Land and through the Sound which separates that land from Helberg Land, away from the shore and out of actual polar sea ice. Helping with the sleds went only Cook and his two men, Ah-Pe-Lah and I-Took-a-Shoo. After they reached the polar ice and the little party had gone directly to the north, the two Eskimos knew that the goal was the pole. The direction was well known to them through Peary's many expeditions, in which most of the men of the tribe at one time or another, had taken part. While Peary used to start from the north point of Grant's Land, observations, expected to find better ice conditions there, a supposition which turned out to be correct, so the Eskimos who know the conditions north of Grant's Land, say. The friends of Ah-Pe-Lah and I-Took-a-Shoo assert that the expedition had good ice and good weather, and that the ice became better the further they came out of the polar sea.

Distance Inferred From Time.

"Second—How far did the expedition go from shore, the Eskimos, of course, cannot give the distance in figures, but they say that "Journey over the ice field from the shore the sun began to appear and stood high in the sky, and at last did not disappear at all, so that it was almost summer before they reched land again. Furthermore, they have said that it was autumn before they decided to go into winter quarters before they tried the return journey to Anoratok.

"These statements, therefore, amount to the same as Cook's, who gives September as the month in which he decided to go into winter quarters at Cape Sparbo, on the south side of Jones Sound. The Eskimos, who are accustomed to take their bearings on a map, have themselves, on my map, given the route of the expedition to the pole and the location of the winter quarters at Jones Sound, a distance which they know from their bear hunts. Ah-Pe-Lah and I-Took-a-Shoo have, furthermore, told how they, on the way back, were prevented by deep crevices in the ice from going to Heibergs Land, where they had depots, and that that was the reason they went to North Deyon.

"Had Cook not taken a small canvas boat with him to serve for a ferry when they met open water, the Eskimos think they would never have got home alive from the pole trip."

Other Statements Agree.

"Cook's statements about how they got over wintering, fighting musk oxen and walrus without ammunition, are also correct, compared with the statement about the slow and difficult wandering from Cape Sparbo to Anoratok, where they had to drop their sledges for two months.

"I therefore reach this conclusion: That whenever Cook's statements are compared with the statements of his companions they appear to be quite truthful.

"Third—Were there special obstacles which hindered going further? The Eskimos have told their friends that they were very much surprised when Cook told them the goal was reached, because the spot was not the least different from all the other ice they passed. They had often asked to return, but that only because they had a feeling that they were very, very far from shore and that they would never get back alive again. It is, therefore, apparent that the expedition was not forced back by the hindrance of ice, but because the leader said the goal had been reached.

"Fourth—How was the equipment? The Eskimos, who have often seen the start of expeditions, have only praise for the manner in which Cook reduced his equipment to the minimum by which he increased the chances of making quick journeys. The food he carried along was greatly compressed and did not weigh more than the dogs could drag. Furthermore, the expedition has a great advantage during the voyage over Ellesmereland, through hunting musk oxen to get the dogs well fed. so that they, when the final start began, were in splendid condition. The Eskimos think it of great importance that the dogs on starting had not been fed on pemmican, but on fresh meat.

"To sum up, the Eskimos think that Cook reached the goal and that he during the voyage showed great nerve and energy. The Eskimos are very glad that the pole has been discovered, as the many expeditions which, during the last few years, have been sent to their regions, took away from the tribe its best men. They are at the same time very proud of I-Took-A-Soo and Ah-Pe-Lah, as it is their conviction that Cook would never have reached the goal without them. The above facts must be looked upon as strong confirmation for Cook.

"Personally, I want to express my unreserved admiration for Dr. Cook. A man who, with his bare hands, has passed a winter at Cape Sparbo—a man who on his feet has taken a walk to Anoratok through deep snow, through twisting ice and utter darkness—that man certainly deserves to have been the first at the pole. His name is Frederick Cook. No one in the world can name him as a swindler. Knud Rasmussen."

Is Half Eskimo.

Rasmussen is half Eskimo. He's made extensive research into their ethnology. Knud Rasmussen was a member of the Danish literary expedition which left Copenhagen early in 1902 and spent two years among the surviving tribes of Eskimos for the purpose of studying their racial history.

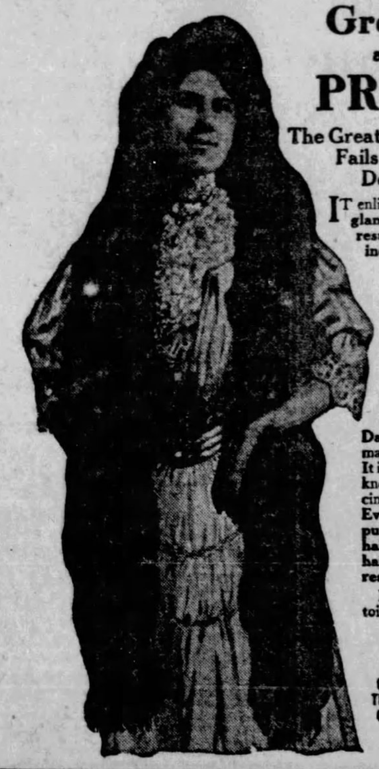
In August, 1906, Rasmussen left Copenhagen for Greenland, intending to be gone six years to complete his researches, into the ethnological and social habits of the Eskimos, the tour as originally planned to cover the entire north coast of North America as far as Alaska. For this work Rasmussen is peculiarly fitted, as he is part Eskimo himself. His mother is a South Greenland Eskimo. His father is Christian Rasmussen, a Danish clergyman who spent over 20 years as a missionary among the natives of Southwest Greenland. At the age of 14 Knud Rasmussen went to Denmark with his parents and entered the University of Copenhagen, from which he was graduated with honors.

The results of his early association with his kinsfolk, supplemented by his more mature studies of 1902 and 1903, were published in Danish under the title of "The New People."

Danderine

Grows Hair and we can PROVE IT!

The Great DANDERINE Never Fails to Produce the Desired Results.



IT enlivens and invigorates the **hair glands** and **tissues** of the scalp, **resulting in a continuous and increasing growth of the hair.**

Letters of praise are continually coming in from nearly all parts of the country stating that Danderine has renewed the growth of hair in cases that were considered absolutely hopeless.

A lady from Brooklyn writes: "After a short trial my hair stopped falling, and I now have a lovely head of hair, very heavy and over one and a quarter yards long."

Danderine stimulates the scalp, makes it healthy and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp invigorator known. It is a wholesome medicine for both the hair and scalp. Even a small bottle of it will put more genuine life in your hair than a gallon of any other hair tonic ever made. It shows results from the very start.

Now on sale at every drug and toilet store in the land; 3 sizes, **25c, 50c and $1.00.**

Cut This Out

Free To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.

A Record Breaking Whiskey Offer

This offer is bringing us thousands of new regular whiskey customers, for never before in the history of the whiskey business has it been equalled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this really is.

Send us $4.20 and we will at once express 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our pure, mellow, 100-Proof Straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY, guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by competent judges to be the finest, the most wholesome and most delicious whiskey ever distilled. Remember, this is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a pure, straight, 100-Proof whiskey and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

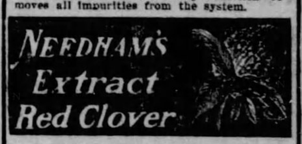
After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of Lackland Whiskey to be 100-Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength. All shipments made same day order is received, in plain sealed package. Make remittance payable to

LACKLAND DIST. CO., Mail Dept. 89, St. Louis, Mo.

Scientists Agree

that common red-clover blossoms when properly prepared, possess marvelous curative properties and are particularly effective in purifying the blood. Over half our diseases are due to impurities of the blood and could easily be avoided if we used this simple remedy.

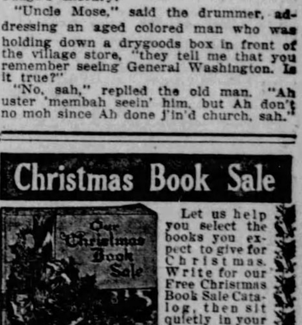
Clover is a Tonic Laxative—keeps bowels relaxed and in a healthy condition—removes all impurities from the system.



Contains no alcohol and is not a patent medicine. It is simply a pure extract of choice clover blossoms, gathered at just the right time and prepared in a scientific manner. For 30 years it has been sold by druggists, and we have testimonials from grateful people in all parts of the United States. If you suffer from constipation, headaches, facial eruptions, eczema, salt-rheum, cancer, rheumatism or any blood disease, you should learn all about this wonderful remedy. Send for free booklet. Ask your druggist for Needham's Extract Red Clover.

D. Needham's Sons, 16 Lakeside Bldg Chicago:
Please send me free booklet.
Name.....
Address.....

Christmas Book Sale



Let us help you select the books you expect to give for Christmas. Write for our Free Christmas Book Sale Catalog, then sit quietly in your library and pick out the very same books that would cost you from two to six times as much elsewhere. This big catalog contains the cream of the city shops—books at all prices, from 5 cts. to $5.00.

Over a Million Books, covering 5,274 titles on sale. Books for the little ones, for father, for mother and for friends, all fully described and illustrated. There are pages of colored books for children, pages of exciting stories for boys and girls. There are 518 beautiful gift books, many of them sumptuously illustrated in colors by Christy, Harrison Fisher and other celebrated artists. Then there are splendid library sets bound in cloth and genuine crushed levant leather. Bibles, etc., all listed at about one-fourth to one-half what you would pay elsewhere for the same books. And if you are not entirely satisfied you can send the book right back and we will promptly refund your money, with all transportation charges.

"The Shepherd of the Hills," 38c.

Send us 38 cents and we will send you Harold Bell Wright's newest novel, "The Shepherd of the Hills," never before sold for less than $1.50. (If you want it shipped by mail add 11 cents for postage.) This offer gives you an idea of the Christmas book bargains we are offering. Whether you want this book or not, be sure to ask for our FREE CHRISTMAS BOOK SALE CATALOG No. 68B18.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. Chicago, Ill.

THE SALOON KEEPER PAYS $1.50 A GALLON FOR WHISKEY

WHY SHOULD YOU PAY MORE When We'll Sell it to You at the Same Price?

We have been distillers and wholesalers for many years, and have accumulated a large stock of whiskies. Many of our best customers have been forced into other lines by stringent saloon and local option laws, and we are forced to sell to the consumer direct. We want 100,000 consumer customers. We propose to sell to you cheaper than we did to the saloon keeper. We have cut off expensive traveling salesmen—we give no credit—take no chances. The whiskey we sold to the saloon keeper at $1.75 on cred t, we can offer you at $1.50 for cash. This is the first time you ever had the opportunity to purchase fine whiskey of a reliable distiller for less than the saloon keeper has to pay.

2 FULL GALLONS Fine, High-Grade $4.00 Whiskey, in 2 Glass Jugs, Same amount as is contained in 8 full quart bottles, or same amount as is contained in 16 full 16-ounce pint flasks, for only **$2.97**

MONEY BACK WITHOUT A QUESTION IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Our Proposition: Send us $2.97 and we will send you, same day your order is received, in an unrecognizable package, 2 full gallons of fine, pure whiskey, rich and mellow. Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever purchased at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send private checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange at the price we sell our goods at.

This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon dealer and ask him what he pays per gallon for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities, for which he charges you 10 or 15 cents a drink, and if he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.40 to $1.50 a gallon. By this special offer you are enabled to buy in 2-gallon lots, at the same price that your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? We quote in larger quantities:

5 Gallon Keg	$7.25	25 Gallon Half Barrel	$33.50
10 Gallon Keg	13.91	50 Gallon Barrel	64.50

REFERENCES: National Bank of the Republic, National Bank of Commerce, Commerce Trust Co., all of Kansas City, Mo., and all Express companies.

M. CALMAN DISTILLING CO. For purposes of privacy, address your letters and have all remittances made to **M. CALMAN, President,** 34 Calman Block Kansas City, Mo.

BIG MONEY! STRANGE INVENTION!

"ITS GREAT! LUCKY I ANSWERED YOUR AD." Writes A. P. Ledewick, who continues, "showed it to 44 people—have 39 orders. Sold 17 one day—sells on sight." AGENTS' PROFITS ALMOST 85%. Readers listen, see what others are doing, filling orders for modern bathrooms at $6.00 each. Could anything be more popular—easier to sell? Indeed its irresistible. Hear the wonderful news! J. B. Hart, an inexperienced agent in spare time, sold $5,000.00 worth, and actually "took 16 orders in 3 hours." Reese "saw 60 people—sold 50." McDaniels "visited 20 farmers—sold 19, every body wants one. Fastest seller ever saw." No wonder Cashman says: "A MAN WHO COULDN'T SELL BREAD IN A FAMINE. SEND 48 MORE," CAN'T SELL YOUR GOODS AND ANDERSON, "7 ORDERS TODAY, JUST LIKE LEADING A THIRSTY HORSE TO WATER." AND ROGERS, "BEATS LOANING MONEY AT 10% A MONTH," AND MARONEY, "FASTEST SELLER I EVER SAW. CATCHES THE EYE. DON'T WANT ANYTHING BETTER. SELLS out of 10 HOUSES." Schonauer, "Been out 8 hours—have 15 orders." Weathers, "Sold 17 one day. Send 60 more." Aldrich, "This evening, after day's work made 6 calls—sold 5 outfits." King, "Never saw anything take so well—Talk of the town. Made $100.00 this week."

HUNDREDS MEN AND WOMEN TELL OF WONDERFUL SUCCESS equipping town and farm homes with Allen's Portable Bath Apparatus. Who knows what you could do with such an opportunity. 100,000 already sold. Acknowledged best thing ever happened for humanity. Nothing like it. GIVES EVERY HOME A MODERN BATHROOM FOR $6.00. Think of it! Sounds too good to be true, yet absolutely true. Used wherever water in any form exists. So energizes water that very little does more than a tub full old way. Gives cleansing, friction, massage, shower baths, altogether or separately. Makes bathing 10 minute operation. Cleanses almost automatically. Only clean, running, energized water touches body—no immersion—no using same water twice. No tubs, buckets, bowls, wash-rags or sponges; no plumbing. Insures cleanliness without drudgery—prolongs life—prevents disease. Small but mighty—carried in grip. Not a toy. ENDORSED BY FAMOUS BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM and other celebrated authorities. Most popular, easiest, quickest, surest selling article going. Selling rights no longer controlled by a few. This wonderful money making opportunity now open to all.

Let us give you a high grade appointment—fix you for life.

We want more agents, salesmen, managers, either sex, at home or traveling, all or spare time, to fill orders, appoint, supply and control sub-agents. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Enormous demand already made. Who doesn't want a bathroom at this price? Who couldn't sell it? Think of millions waiting for this to happen and it has happened. Every customer anxious to boost your business. Exciting times—big profits—popular goods, popular price, everything guaranteed by an old reliable $50,000.00 house—absolutely no competition—exclusive territory—co-operation and assistance.

CREDIT GIVEN—SEND NO MONEY—only your address on a postal card today for world's greatest agency offer, valuable booklets, credit plan, sworn to proofs of phenomenal success, reaching $1,200.00 monthly—personal trial offer—all free. Caution: This ad. may not appear again. Territory going fast. Costs nothing to investigate. Meet us that far anyhow.

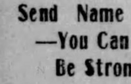
"SEE IT ENERGIZE" Sec. view Comb. Portable and Bathroom Outfit.

THE ALLEN MFG. CO. 1580 ALLEN BLDG. TOLEDO, OHIO.

A SWEET BREATH

You may have it at little trouble and no expense—

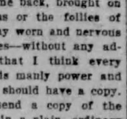
as well as clean, healthy teeth, free from germs of decay, and an antiseptically clean mouth, adding to your personal attractiveness an irresistible wholesomeness and fragrant sweetness. Just write your name and address on a postal card and send it to The Paxton Toilet Co., 235 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass., and they will send you at once a trial box of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic — entirely without cost to you. Paxtine is a toilet requisite of surprising value to every woman. You better send for the trial box today—because after a certain number has been sent out, this offer will be withdrawn. It is altogether too expensive to keep up long—don't wait too late.



TRAPPERS — Make more money. Copy of Hunter-Trader-Trapper, a monthly magazine, 160 or more pages about steel traps, snares, deadfalls, trapping secrets, raw furs, dogs, big game hunting, etc., also a 64-page booklet containing game laws, camping hints, etc., all for 10c A. R. Harding Pub. Co., Box 549 Columbus, O.

FREE TO AILING WOMEN

Ladies who suffer from any of the diseases of women no matter from what cause or how long standing can now prove absolute y free that Dr. David "Women's Friend" is the remedy they can depend upon. Don't be a burden to yourself and a disappointment to those who are dear to you. Send today for a full ten days' treatment free, or, better still, send $1 for a regular size package to Dr. N. C. Davis, Dept. 2, Frankfort, Ind.



CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS

$10.00 Per Acre and up. Rich Sail, Mild Winters, Good Markets. For Handsome Booklet and Low Excursion Rates, address G. B. WALL, Real Estate Agent, C & O Railway, Box R, Richmond, Va. Along the C & O Railroad

3,500 MILES BY WIRELESS

Army Transport Makes Splendid Record on Way to Philippines.

Washington, Oct. 21.—The United States army transport Sheridan made splendid records for wireless communication on her recent trip from San Francisco to the Philippines and return via Nagasaki. She received and transmitted wireless messages over 3,500 miles from North Head, Wash., while she was between Guam and Honolulu on her return.

The Sheridan sailed from San Francisco August 5, and was in daily communication with offices on the Pacific coast and also with several passenger boats and the army transport Logan, until she reached Honolulu. The transport received messages and daily press bulletins 2,100 miles from that place.

Returning the Sheridan held Cavite to Nagasaki, and leaving that place, received messages from the Japanese coast 3,000 miles out. She was in constant touch with Talcosh 1,000 miles out, as likewise San Francisco.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3828 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

URGES WOMEN TO FIGHT

Frail Little Mrs. Pankhurst Says Militant Tactics Will Win Here.

New York, Oct. 21.—A quiet little group of New York women, bearing banners labelled "Votes for women," stood on the White Star line pier last night and welcomed to America Mrs. Emmeline Gould Pankhurst, of Manchester, England, the leader of the militant suffragettes of Great Britain.

In accordance with the rulings of the customs authorities, less than 20 persons were admitted on the dock, and the reception to the little woman who has served two terms of imprisonment for her activity in the cause was devoid of clamor and smacked nothing of the militant methods for which Mrs. Pankhurst has been sponsor. But immediately she set foot on the shore she was whisked away by her admirers to the suffrage headquarters at 502 Fifth avenue.

A Typical Englishwoman.

Mrs. Pankhurst is slight of stature and has a wealth of brown hair which is just turning gray. She looked a typical Englishwoman, and was dressed becomingly in a dress of dark material.

"I am coming to America," she said to the reporters, "to speak on equal rights for women and to study the situation in this country. I think we are away ahead of you in this matter."

As she talked, Mrs. Pankhurst displayed a little medallion she wore and explained that it was a distinguishing mark worn by those English women who have been imprisoned for the cause. "I suffered solitary confinement," she continued, "and had only one hour of exercise out of the 24. During the other 23 I was confined in a little cell, eight by ten feet. I wore the regular prison garb, too, but I did not bring this costume to New York with me.

"The movement is progressing satisfactorily in England," she went on. "We have pledges from practically two-thirds of the members of parliament to vote for us as soon as a bill is prepared by the government. And we expect, sooner or later, to compel the government to introduce the bill. Just when this bill will come to pass I am not prepared to say.

Defends Violent Tactics.

Mrs. Pankhurst stoutly defended militant tactics. "All great movements have been worked out by violence," she said. "The American people secured their liberty by violence, so why not rush the house of commons to obtain what we regard as our rights. The ballot granted to women will make them more intelligent, less self centered, and, on the whole, much better citizens."

"Don't you think there would be corrupt women politicians and women 'ward heelers?'" Mrs. Pankhurst was asked.

She laughted outright, then, after a pause, said: "Well, I don't think it could make politics any worse, at any rate."

Mrs. Pankhurst said that she has been a suffragette as long as she could remember. She went to meetings in favor of the emancipation of women when she was only 14, accompanied by her mother, who herself was an ardent advocate of the cause.

Mrs. Pankhurst will remain in the United States until November 22, but will not be able to get as far west as Colorado, where suffrage is being tried. She will speak in Boston Friday, and Worcester, Mass., Saturday, returning to New York Sunday for a reception by the National and New York State Suffrage associations. Monday night she will appear at Carnegie hall and deliver an address before what probably will prove to be the largest audience she has faced in her career. The box holders will include Judge E. H. Gary, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, herself a suffrage leader, and others. Lady Cook, (Tennessee Claflin), a suffragette who does not favor militant methods, is also expected to attend.

Founder of Movement.

Mrs. Pankhurst is the founder and secretary of the National Women's Social and Political Union, the avowed object of which is, by public demonstration of protest, "to force the British government, which persists in evading the question of women enfranchisement, to grant equal suffrage to women and allow free speech at the ballot box."

She was born in Manchester, but was educated in Paris, and lived in surroundings that were intensely radical. Thirty years ago she married Dr. Pankhurst, who in 1870 drafted a woman's suffrage bill which was introduced in the house of commons by Jacob Bright, and passed the second reading before it finally met with defeat. Her activity at that time resulted in her being placed on the executive committee of the only woman suffrage society then in existence.

Mrs. Pankhurst's militant tactics have been the cause of alienating the direct support of many eminent workers for woman suffrage. Her clashes with the police already have cost her 14 weeks in prison, and she has appealed against another sentence imposed on her last June for attempting to present a petition to the British parliament.

HEAD OF UNION PACIFIC

Harriman's Chief Aid Is Made President of Big Railroad.

New York, Oct. 21.—Robert S. Lovett was elected president of the Union Pacific railroad, to succeed the late E. H. Harriman, at a meeting of the board of directors today. The executive committee was re-elected, with Judge Lovett as chairman, to which place he was elected as Mr. Harriman's successor a few weeks ago.

The other members of the executive committee are Henry C. Frick, Marvin Hughitt, Frank A. Vanderlip, William Rockefeller and Jacob H. Schiff. A. L. Mohler, J. C. Stubbs, Julius Kruttschnitt and William Mahl were appointed vice presidents.

Messrs. Stubbs, Kruttschnitt and Mahl were also elected vice presidents of the Oregon Short Line railroad, which is a subordinate company of the Union Pacific, in addition to William H. Bancroft, who was re-elected to the same office. All four are made members of the executive committee of the Oregon Short Line and Navigation company, together with William Rockefeller and Jacob H. Schiff.

The annual report of the Union Pacific Railroad company for the year ended June 30 last shows: Gross revenue from transportation operations, $78,750,461, an increase of $2,-711,236; net revenue from transportation after payment of operating expenses and taxes, $38,234,814, an increase of $3,623,113; income other than from transportation operations, including interest on bonds and stocks owned, $17,736,393, an increase of $1,716,701. After payment of the dividends of 4 per cent on the preferred stock and 10 per cent on the common stock the total surplus from transportation operations and from other incomes for the year was $17,-938,250, an increase of $5,749,498.

The report sets forth that since the close of the fiscal year, the remaining shares of Great Northern Iron Ore properties have been sold, and $2,-933,334 realized from the sales. With the exception of 7,249 shares (par value $100 each) of Northern Securities company "stubs," the company has sold all the stock of the Northern Securities company of the Great Northern Railway company and of the Northern Pacific Railway company, received in the distribution of the assets of the Northern Securities company, and the stocks subsequently acquired by subscription rights. The sum realized from these sales amounted to $147,377,341.

The detailed report of securities of other corporations owned shows no important change from the list owned on June 30, 1908. There was appropriated during the year for additions, betterments, equipment, terminal property, and for the construction or acquisition of new lines, the sum of $48,178,881. The expenditures for account of these appropriations amounted to $22,637,380, leaving $25,-541,501 unexpended, which amount has been brought over into the current fiscal year.

LOSES JOB, BUT WINS BRIDE

Minister to Marry Descendant of Governor Trumbull.

New York, Oct. 25.—The engagement of Miss Edith Trumbull Mathewson, cousin of Mayor McClellan, to Rev. Aaron van C. P. Hulzing, of Thompson, Conn., has been announced in that village. The marriage will take place before Christmas. Miss Mathewson is a descendant of General Jonathan Trumbull. Her father is Dr. Arthur Mathewson, of Washington and New York.

The clergyman she is to marry is a Hollander, 35 years old. They met for the first time in August at a fair in the Thompson church, of which he is pastor.

Rev. Mr. Hulzing is congratulating himself on having overstayed a vacation in Europe, for when he returned he found he had lost his professorship of philosophy in the University of Iowa. While waiting for another college place he accepted the vacant pastorate of the Thompson Congregational church.

GREAT PRINCE DIES BY ASSASSIN'S SHOT

Harbin, Manchuria, Oct. 26.—Prince Hirobumi Ito, former Japanese resident general of Korea and Japan's foremost statesman, was assassinated here this afternoon by a Korean who had followed him here for the express purpose of killing him.

The assassin was promptly seized. On being questioned he said he was a Korean. "I came to Harbin for the sole purpose of assassinating Prince Ito to avenge my country," the slayer told his captors. He also said he had a personal account to settle with the great Japanese statesman, who during his stay in Korea had ordered the execution of several persons closely connected with the assassin.

Bullets Pierce His Back.

Almost immediately on his arrival here and just as Prince Ito left the railroad car at the station the attack was made upon him. The venerable statesman, accompanied by Russian Minister of Finance Kokovsoff, was starting to inspect the guard of honor drawn up along the platform when a pistol shot was heard. Several more shots were fired in quick succession. The bullets struck the prince in the back and he fell mortally wounded.

Three of the prince's companions also were wounded, bullets striking Japanese Consul General Kawakan, General Manager Tannaka, of the South Manchurian railway, and Prince Ito's private secretary. Consul General Kawakan is badly but not fatally hurt, it is believed.

The Russian minister of finance, M. Kokovsoff, and the Russian military authorities accompanying Prince Ito were exposed to the same danger from flying bullets as was the prince. Indeed, Kokovsoff was nearer the Japanese envoy at the time of the shooting than were those who were wounded. Had the assassin delayed shooting for a moment the foreign consuls would have been in much danger, as Ito approaching them and they would have been directly in the line of fire.

An Organized Plot.

The assassination appears to have been the outcome of an organized plot. The local authorities who, anticipating the arrival of Prince Ito, were on the lookout for suspicious characters, yesterday arrested three Koreans, who were at the station and found to be armed with revolvers. However, the task of guarding the prince was rendered difficult by reason of Japanese Consul General Kawakan's request that the railway officials permit all Japanese to enter the railroad station to greet the prince. The police point out that it was quite impossible to distinguish Koreans from Japanese by their appearance.

The body of the slain statesman has already been removed homeward. The casket, before it was placed upon the train, was covered with flowers sent by M. Kokovsoff and the Russian and Japanese officials. The Russian ambassador to Peking is accompanying the body to Kwanchingtsu. All along the railroad line honors are being shown to the dead statesman. Minister Kokovsoff has telegraphed his condolences to the Japanese government.

Tokio Is Deeply Shocked.

Tokio, Oct. 26.—Gloom prevails in the city following the receipt of the news of the assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin. Details are lacking and are eagerly awaited.

When the foreign office received the news it immediately notified the members of the cabinet, many of whom hastened to the foreign office. These included General Terauchi, the minister of war. The news spread quickly through the city and caused the greatest depression.

The Princess Ito was notified at Oise, their country home, of the death of her husband. Their eldest son, Hirokuni Ito, is in London. A younger son, Bunkichi, is engaged to a daughter of Premier Katsura.

The foreign office is besieged by inquirers, these including all the diplomats accredited to Japan, among whom the prince was very popular.

ITO FRAMED TREATY HOSTILE TO AMERICA

Washington, Oct. 26.—Despite a denial from Tokio that Prince Ito's tour was political, it has been made apparent that he was intrusted with several most important missions by the mikado, the foremost being an attempt to forestall the protest of America and the other powers by effecting a more complete understanding with China.

Prince Ito played an important part in the framing of the recent treaty between Japan and China, relating to railway construction in Manchuria. The treaty was concluded on August 31 and has been considered by many diplomats a violation of the treaty of peace concluded between Japan and Russia after the war.

In face of her Portsmouth pledge not to obstruct any measures that China may take for the development of commerce and industry in Manchuria, Japan forced a specific pledge from China not to build a railway from Hsinmintbum, north, without Japan's consent.

Another significant provision is that, should China build the Kirin railway east, she must borrow half the required capital from Japan, thus insuring Japanese control of an important branch from Japan's main line toward Vladivostok. China was compelled to transfer the Taishichao—Newchwang line to Japan.

Japan also refused to discuss the absorption of sovereignty along the South Manchuria railway, which is far greater than ever charged against Russia. Her attitude was in glaring contrast with Russia's recognition of China's sovereign right in the recent Harbin agreement.

WROTE THE CONSTITUTION THAT MODERNIZED JAPAN

Prince Hirobumi Ito was the greatest statesman of New Japan. The achievement with which his name has been chiefly associated in the minds of occidentals was the framing of the imperial constitution by virtue of which Japan took her place for the first time in the rank of modern civilized states.

As the emperor's trusted adviser and the medium through which the state was placed on a constitutional basis he must be regarded as one of the positive factors which have helped to win for Japan her present standing among nations.

He was 68 years old. It was in 1863 that he made his celebrated pilgrimage to England at a time when it was against the law of his country to go abroad and the penalty for infringement was death. Nevertheless, inspired by patriotic feeling and a desire to learn the secret of Occidental supremacy he undertook the trip which proved so beneficial to his country later on.

Prince Hirobumi Ito, who was president of the privy council of Japan, left Tokio October 16, for a tour of Manchuria. He was to have arrived at Harbin today, where he was to have met M. Kokovsoff, the Russian minister of finance. The conference, it was said, was at the behest of Japan, and Russian and foreign diplomats had attached great importance to it, although the exact motives impelling Japan to propose the conference was not known. The subjects to be discussed were not suggested in the Japanese overtures, and M. Kokovsoff, it was said, had barred political questions. He said that he was competent to discuss only financial and technical subjects, these covering the status of the Manchurian railroads.

In some quarters it was believed that the tour of Prince Ito in Manchuria was to have been of a political nature and that it had as a basis an attempt to forestall the protests of the powers against Russia's domination of the Manchurian railway zone under her agreement with China by effecting a complete understanding between Japan and China. It has been stated that China had sent several high officials to Harbin to confer with Prince Ito. He spent Saturday and Sunday at Mukden, where he had conferences with Hsi Liang, the viceroy.

Price Ito visited the United States in 1870 as a commissioner to investigate the financial and banking systems. On his return to Japan he was appointed vice minister of public works. In 1880 he negotiated with Li Hung Chang on the Korean question and concluded the treaty which formed the basis of Japan's justification for her war with China in 1894. Later he negotiated a treaty of peace with China, and at the close of the war was made a marquis. After the Russo-Japanese war he was resident-general in Korea, in which capacity he became the object of hatred of the Koreans.

NEWS IS OVERWHELMING TO JAPANESE VISITORS

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 26.—Reluctant to believe the news and with strong words of appreciation of the policies and political accomplishments of Prince Ito, the honorary Japanese commercial commissioners, who arrived in this city from Boston early today, learned of the assassination of the Japanese statesman. The members of the party were unanimous in praise of Prince Ito's leadership in what they called the "new Japan." As the leader of the party, Baron Shibusawa was the chief spokesman. He said:

"The news of the assassination of Prince Ito is so sudden that I hesitate to believe it. It seems, however, that there is no room for doubt. If this be true, our country could sustain no greater loss than the death of this distinguished citizen.

"Personally, Prince Ito was a liberal and philanthropic man. He was liked by all people with whom he came in contact. Being, however, the foremost maker of the new Japan, in the 50 years of his political life he was often exposed to the danger of assassination, but by the grace of heaven he had been enjoying the best of health and was expected to contribute much to Japan hereafter.

"His political activities were manifold. Among them the most conspicuous was his institution of the new constitution. It was the emperor who gave the constitution, which was the most conspicuous change in the policy of Japan, and this change was greatly due to Prince Ito's foresight. His countrymen will nearly all agree that the emperor had no advisory whom he had more confidence than Prince Ito, whose death will be a great loss to his majesty.

"The late prince never hesitated in the face of adversity and was a most devoted servant. He served five terms as prime minister and in spite of his official duties he thought of his duties in the settlement of Korean affairs, which were in a more or less chaotic condition. Despite the earnest entreaties of several of his political friends, he thought it was a position in which he could serve his countrymen best and in which he intended to devote the remainder of his life.

"Prince Ito's policy regarding Korea was to guide the emperor and people of Korea in such a way that they would have more confidence in Japan and would not risk their own destiny by rushing to any extremity. For his Korean policy the prince was very much criticized in our country, especially for his leniency in treating with Korean affairs; but the emperor believed Prince Ito's policy to be the best for both Japan and Korea.

"My friendship with Prince Ito dates back to 1861, when I was junior secretary in the department of finance and Prince Ito was then plain 'Mr.' Ito. He was vice minister of the department and my chief. For the last 40 years we have been on the most intimate and friendly terms. Every one was delighted with the prince's personal charm, but all admired especially his devotion to the emperor. Every Japanese claims to be devoted to the emperor, but there is no doubt that Prince Ito was the most devoted servant of the throne. It would have been a satisfaction to the prince himself to give up his life for his majesty and for his country. I, as well as the rest of my countrymen, feel the loss greatly."

REMARKABLE EYE REMEDY.

IS YOUR EYESIGHT DEFECTIVE? or have you sore or painful eyes? Then investigate "Actina." $9,000 now in use. FOURTEEN DAYS FREE TRIAL offered in all cases. Write for VALUABLE BOOK containing the best of references. Actina Appliance Co., 604 R. Curtice Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

RUSSIA RAISES MUCH GRAIN

Supplies 40 Per Cent of World's Foodstuffs.

Prophets of scarcity in foodstuffs have perhaps not taken sufficient account of Russia as a source of supply, says the Wall Street Journal. This year, while supplying 40 per cent of the world's foodstuffs exports to date that country will grow 2,000,-000,000 bushels of cereal, about one-third of which is winter rye and one-fifth winter and spring wheat.

On these two staples the country relies largely for the exporting value through which it cancels the annual interest charge on its public debt. The prosperity of Russia is a factor in the gold movement, because if Russian crops fail, Russia instead of buying for importing, will have to export for the purpose of meeting the annual charges of interest and amortization on her foreign obligations.

At present the tide of gold is inward for Russia, bankers are buyers in the western market along with other countries, and Russia now has one of the largest supplies of gold among the leading European nations. It is also unique in its being largely under governmental control. Although this fact is of little help commercially to the outside world, it has a decided value in giving stability to domestic and foreign credit in Russia's financing. It puts her domestic paper circulation on a much better footing and it strengthens the hands of the builders of the empire in various ways.

But Russia's improvement in monetary respects is only one part of her progress. Her power as a producing nation has been immensely improved by the vast amount of modern agricultural machinery by which better methods of cultivation are applied to the large landed estates from which the major portion of the cereal crops are gathered. These improvements come at the beginning of an era, when the empire is committed to a policy of peace for as long a term of years as is practicable. Under such circumstances the agricultural industry, which is easily Russia's first concern, will undoubtedly continue to work towards the improvement of the foreign credit of the country, and, barring bad crops, will relieve the importing countries of Europe from concern about the diminishing importance of the American grain surplus for export.

COTTON PLAGUE NOT SERIOUS

Government Scientist Says Alarm Is Unfounded.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Unnecessary alarm, in the judgment of the cotton experts of the department of agriculture, is manifested by cotton planters over the ravages of anthracnose. Recently it has been reported that the disease is costing the cotton growers of two states in the cotton belt about $10,000,000 a year.

"This statement," said Prof. W. A. Orton, pathologist of the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture, "manifestly is impossible. No such loss as that could occur in any one state, or in any two states, from anthracnose. In a sense, it is a sporadic disease which is quite likely to affect seriously a limited territory, but it is quite unlikely it could affect any particular state to such an extent.

"Anthracnose is a disease of the bolls of cotton," continued Prof. Orton, "due to a fungus. The spore of this fungus, which is a minute plant, parasitic on the cotton, are carried by wind and insect to the bolls, which they penetrate, causing decay of the contents. The disease is prevalent in all cotton districts and every season, but rarely causes serious injury."

WON'T PUSH MOROCCAN WAR

New Spanish Ministry Decides to Change Policy.

Madrid, Oct. 25.—Lieutenant General De Luque, minister of war in the new liberal cabinet, in an interview today confirmed the report that the government had decided not to push further the Moroccan campaign. He said that if the liberals had been in power before they would have avoided the bloody and costly war, and that henceforth the object of the government would be to guarantee the safety of Melilla by the system of fortified positions which were already occupied.

From now on, the minister of war said, the work of the army would be that of pacification and not of domination, and while it would defend these occupied positions, an effort would be made to induce the Riffians to disarm and in this movement the aid of the sultan's emissaries would be enlisted.

De Luque added that though the liberals disapproved the recent acts of repression at Barcelona, Ferrer had been proven guilty on evidence and had been legally and judicially condemned.

NEEDLE PRICKS 1,045 ALIENS

New York, Oct. 25.—All known records for rapid vaccination are believed to have been broken at this port yesterday. The Greek steamer Themistocles was detained at quarantine from 7:20 a. m. until 3:50 p. m., until 1,045 immigrants from Patras and other ports had been vaccinated.

The simplest arithmetic soon showed that, as there are only 510 minutes between 7:20 and 3:50, the immigrants must have passed through the hands of the physicians at the rate of more than two in a minute.

To meet the immigration laws, all immigrants are vaccinated before embarkation. The Greeks, however, have failed to procure virus. Dr. Doty therefore says he will continue to revaccinate all Greek immigrants until there is an improvement in the work of the Greek physicians.

Maker of Modern Japan

PRINCE HIROBUMI ITO.

Prince Ito is generally regarded as the maker of modern Japan. He was the foremost statesman of that country. Four times he has been prime minister. In 1863 he visited Europe and lived in London. It was there he gained his ideas of modern civilization. Since then he has made frequent trips abroad. He was nearly 72 years old, but still retained full mental vigor. His brain directed the statecraft of his country in the wars with China and Russia. At the time of his death he was trying to make firmer the hold of Japan on Korea, and to extend her influence in Manchuria. For the past few years he had been chairman of the privy council, a group of statesmen who act as personal advisers to the emperor, and who are often termed the "Elder Statesmen." Prince Ito should not be confused with Viscount Admiral Ito, who won the battle of the Yalu against China.

WHO WANTS A MOTOR CAR?

The editor is anxious to learn whether any reader of The Weekly Blade desires to purchase an automobile, either gasoline or electric car. Any one contemplating such purchase will confer a favor by so informing this office, either by card or letter. Address Editor Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

LONE ROBBER LINES UP 13

Chicago, Oct. 25.—A lone robber attempted to hold up the Beverly Country club, a golfing organization of this city, Saturday night, but abandoned the plan after shooting in the arm Anthony Seretore, a watchman.

The 13 employes—eight men and five women—were celebrating the last day of the season when the robber entered and ordered them to line up against the wall. He covered the party with his revolver while he ordered one of the employes to search the others. One of the men refused to give up his valuables and the robber fired twice into the ceiling. At the second shot Seretore jumped at the robber and was shot in the right arm. The robber then escaped.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 26.—After losing about ¼c at the outset, wheat values hung steady for a time during the morning hours. Cables were a shade lower, but this was more than offset by a firm feeling in the northwest, where receipts were considerably lighter than a year ago. At Chicago, the market opened steady around the previous close, selling of May by commission houses being the chief feature. Liverpool was firm at the outset on predictions of a large increase in the European visible supply, but later the decline was checked by an improved demand for spot and less favorable reports from Australia. Toledo cash opened ¼c down at $1.23¾, later in the morning losing another ¼c. December started ⅛@¼ off at $1.24¼, May ¼c down at $1.25½ and the far month ⅝c off at $1.04½.

Toledo receipts were 12 cars, three grading No. 2 red and the five of remainder sample. Southwest receipts, while not as heavy as a week ago, were double last years on the same day. Cash closed ¼c off at $1.23¾, December ¼c down at $1.25⅝, May ¼c off at $1.25½ and July ⅝c down at $1.04¼. Liverpool closed ½d higher to ⅛d lower.

Corn was weaker and lower, with the exception of July, which opened unchanged at 63½c. December opened ¼c off at 62⅝c and May ⅛c off at 63¼c. Prices were steady in the first half hour, with the exception of a slight advance in the far month.

Of 12 cars of corn received today one was new and graded No. 4 yellow. Closing prices: Cash, 63c; December, 64¼c; May, 62⅜c, and July 63½c.

Scattered commission house selling at Chicago weakened oats. In the local market December opened ¼c off at 42¼c, May ¼c down at 44½c and July ¼c lower at 43c.

Toledo received 14 cars of oats today. The closes: Cash and December, 42½c; May, 44½c, and July 43c.

The decline in clover seed continued, amounting to about 2½c at the outset. Cash opened 5c up at $9.05. December 2½c down at $8.07½ and March 2½c easier at $8.25. In the first half hour, cash and the near month worked a trifle lower.

Receipts were 860 bags, against 360 a year ago. Cash closed steady at $9.00; October 2½c off at $9.00 December unchanged at $9.10 and March steady at $9.27½. Improved buying powers developed late in the day.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Oct. 26.	Close Oct. 25.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.23⅜	....	....	1.23¾	1.24
Dec	1.24¼	....	....	1.24⅝	1.24½
May	1.25½	....	1.24¾	1.25½	1.25⅝
July	1.04½	....	....	1.04¾	1.04⅞
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	63	63
Dec	61¼	....	....	61¼	61⅝
May	62⅝	....	....	62⅝	62⅝
July	63½	63⅝	....	63¼	63½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	42¼	42¼	42½
Dec	42⅝	....	42½	42½	43
May	44½	....	....	44½	44⅝
July	43	....	....	43	43¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.05	....	....	9.00	9.00
Oct	9.05	....	....	9.00	9.02½
Dec	9.07½	....	....	9.10	9.10
March	9.25	....	....	9.27½	8.27½
No. 2	....	....	....	8.65	8.70
No. 3	....	....	....	8.55	8.50
Rejected	....	....	....	8.55	8.25
N. E. G.	....	....	....	7.00	8.50
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	77	77
No. 3	....	....	....	74	74
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.10	8.10
Oct.	....	....	....	8.10	8.10
Dec.	....	....	....	8.15	8.15
March	....	....	....	8.30	8.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.04⅝	....	1.03⅝	1.04¼	1.04⅝
May	1.04⅝	1.04⅝	1.04	1.04⅜	1.04½
July	98	98¼	97⅝	98	98
Corn—					
Dec	59¼	....	58⅝	59¼	59¼
May	61⅝	....	60⅞	61¼	61¼
July	60⅝	60¾	60⅜	60⅝	60⅝
Oats—					
Dec	39⅞	....	39⅜	39⅞	40
May	42¼	....	42	42¼	42¼
July	39⅜	....	39⅛	39⅜	39⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.12⅝	....	1.12¼	1.12½	1.12⅝
Corn—					
Dec	69⅞	....	....	....	69⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.06	....	1.05¼	1.05⅝	1.05⅝
May	1.06	....	....	1.06	1.05